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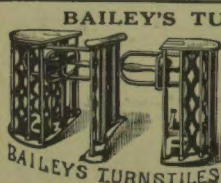
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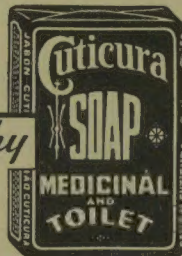
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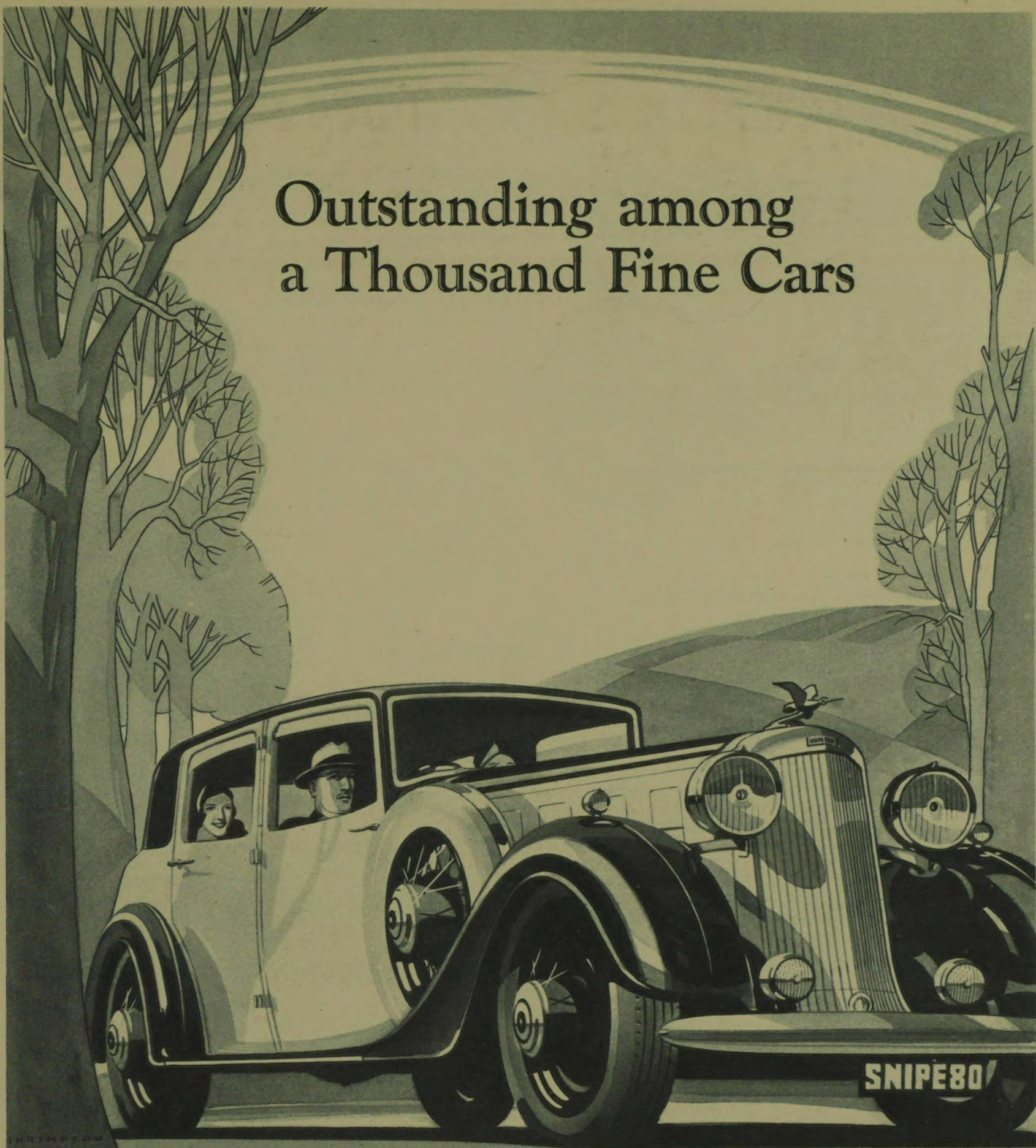
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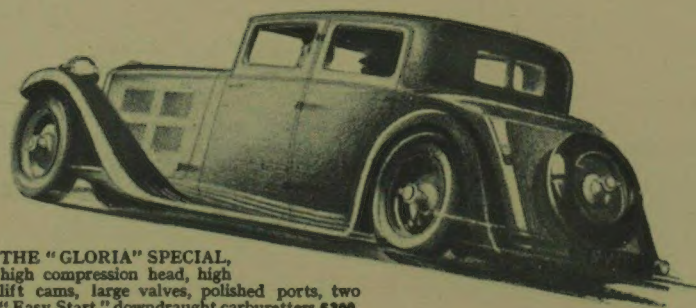
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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1934.



**THE ST. GEORGE'S EVE MARCH-PAST OF BOY SCOUTS BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE:
THE ROYAL PARTY, SHOWING PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE SALUTING.**

On April 22, the eve of St. George's Day, a thousand Boy Scouts from all the counties of England, Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland attended a service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and before it began marched past the King in the quadrangle of the Castle. A message was read from the Chief Scout (Lord Baden-Powell) expressing his great disappointment that, owing to his illness, he was unable to be with them "on this great occasion of a muster of King's Scouts in the presence

of his Majesty the King." In the above group may be seen (from left to right) the King; the Queen; the Duchess of York, with her younger daughter, Princess Margaret Rose (saluting), and the Duke of York just behind her; Lady Baden-Powell; and Princess Elizabeth beside the Archbishop of Canterbury. With the royal party were also the Dean of Windsor, Sir Clive Wigram, and Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT would suit and sum up something in the modern mood if Literature were to destroy Letters. I mean, if there were a final revolt against the Alphabet, more fundamental than the revolt against the Bible. Literature and Letters were represented by the same word in Latin and the ancient traditional culture from which they both came. That alone would be sufficient reason for a really scientific and analytical educationist trying to tear them asunder, as this age of divorce tears asunder almost all the things in history that have been long and happily married. Some remarkable representatives of the Lyric Muse insist on having only songs without words and words without tunes, and I have heard of some savage and superstitious sect which has begun to separate bacon from eggs. But, indeed, the metaphor of marriage and divorce is inadequate in dealing with all the antics of the anti-traditional irritation. It would be even truer to say that much of what many have called Progress should more properly be called Parricide. It meant nothing but men destroying whatever had given them birth, and it is still the boast of many a philosophical and artistic Playboy of the Western World. And since we could none of us learn even science or materialism until we could learn to read, so it would be quite in the fashionable manner to make the next step in progress consist of ceasing to write.

In real culture, there is always a rhythm and a return to simple and even earthly things, and the shining "traffic of Jacob's ladder" showed angels ascending and descending. But brute biological evolution, which, when taken quite alone, has a great tendency to make a man a cad, naturally makes him very careful to kick down every ladder by which he has climbed. Hence his hostility to the study of history and the humanities. This alone would lead many in our time to wish to destroy anything so old and simple as the A.B.C. Indeed, I am told that some modifications have already been made in the educational use of it, and that educationists have insisted on considering the letter less as a symbol and more as a sound. The letter A is no longer the majestic Aleph or Alpha, said to be graven in the image of an ox, and standing over against Omega as a religious emblem as solid as the Crescent or the Cross. It is treated only as the A sound, which means, in many educational areas, that the educated pronounce it "I" and many of the educators, with a finer Greek subtlety, pronounce it "AI." I speak in ignorance of all these things, and it may be that they are really improvements; for I am ignorant of nearly everything except the Alphabet, and that may soon be taken away from me. I only hear rumours, of the real merits of which I am unable to judge. I am also informed that the enlightened educator now contorts his fine features in order to bubble and burble with "the B sound," instead of simply calling it B; which must produce something of the appearance of a class being instructed in the art of stammering. But, as I say, I do not set up to be a judge of these practical scholastic questions; and, in fact, there is another reason which may possibly explain any tendency to revolt against the antiquated tradition of Cadmus.

It is the fact, which everyone will recognise, in one form or another, that there is now a curious tendency in all the arts to get outside themselves. Some may identify this with the proverbial condition of being beside themselves. But whether we regard

such changes as mad or marvellous and inspiring, they certainly contain a curious suggestion of things getting away from their actual elements and origins. Many would escape, not only from the methods that made them, but even from the materials of which they are made. There is some statuary that looks like an attempt to abolish stone; the strokes of the image-maker seem merely destructive, like the blows of the iconoclast. There are musicians who are not content to say of musical instruments, with Shakespeare, that the ultimate effect of sheep's guts is to hale men's

attempting to enquire. I only say that the extreme theory of escape does exist, and that it would be very natural just now if it were applied to the Letters which were the visible origin of Literature. It would be in the spirit of the school to substitute a sort of continuous murmur of mingled noises for a division into definite external symbols; turning Aleph from an ox to a vox—*et pretereā nihil*.

I believe, myself, in judging such matters in the historical way, which I should call the human way. I know that the historical is now neglected in favour of the psychological. It is a convenient arrangement; because history, like the alphabet is a thing that has to be learned, at least to some extent; whereas psychology is a thing you make up entirely out of your own head and then apply it to the heads of everybody else. But, anyhow, I do not believe that the arts can be judged properly without reference to their roots in real living; behind every art that is historic is something simpler that is almost prehistoric. I should say, for instance, that literature had two primary forms; one, indeed, much older than the other, but both immeasurably old. I should say that all literary expression goes back either to the Song or to the Inscription. But the Inscription is quite as sincere and straightforward as the Song, though probably not quite so old. Whenever the primitive person wanted to make a serious statement, a statement he would stand by, a statement he had tested and purged of errors or excess of words, he carved a few well-chosen words on a rock or a brick or a column, and he was the founder of the art of Prose. Prose has not remained in all its purity—that is, its brevity—because it has been found so much easier to print many words than to chip out a few. But there remains something sacred and authoritative about those ancient characters or signs. The alphabet is really in some sense a holy thing; and almost

always there has been some vague connection between the notion of reading and writing and the notion of a priesthood, as in the quaint anomaly of Benefit of Clergy. All glyphs are hieroglyphs. They are so at least in the sense that they use the hieratic signs. The glyph which I am now chipping out laboriously in the eternal granite of *The Illustrated London News* is not, indeed, in itself an inscription which I think at all likely to be eternal. I have no illusions about my action resembling the rearing of a monument more lasting than brass. But however much or little you may think the actual sentiments expressed in the actual sentences, however hard you may find it to make any sense out of the mere words, if you will fix your attention entirely on the separate Letters, noting a D here or a J there, separately and each for its own sake, you will admit that these at least are tolerable and comparatively intelligible.

Many must have toyed with the fancy of literature returning to the Babylonian brick or the Roman stone-cutter's inscription, with the happy and hopeful feeling that there would be so much less literature then. There would be no journalism and no articles like this, so it is natural enough to find the prospect alluring. If people had to hack all their thoughts and theories out of a stone wall or a cliff, they would make them compact and pithy. The general taste of the tribe would run towards epigram. But there would be no rambling remarks of the kind printed here, so I am at least disinterested in asserting the sacredness of hieroglyphics.



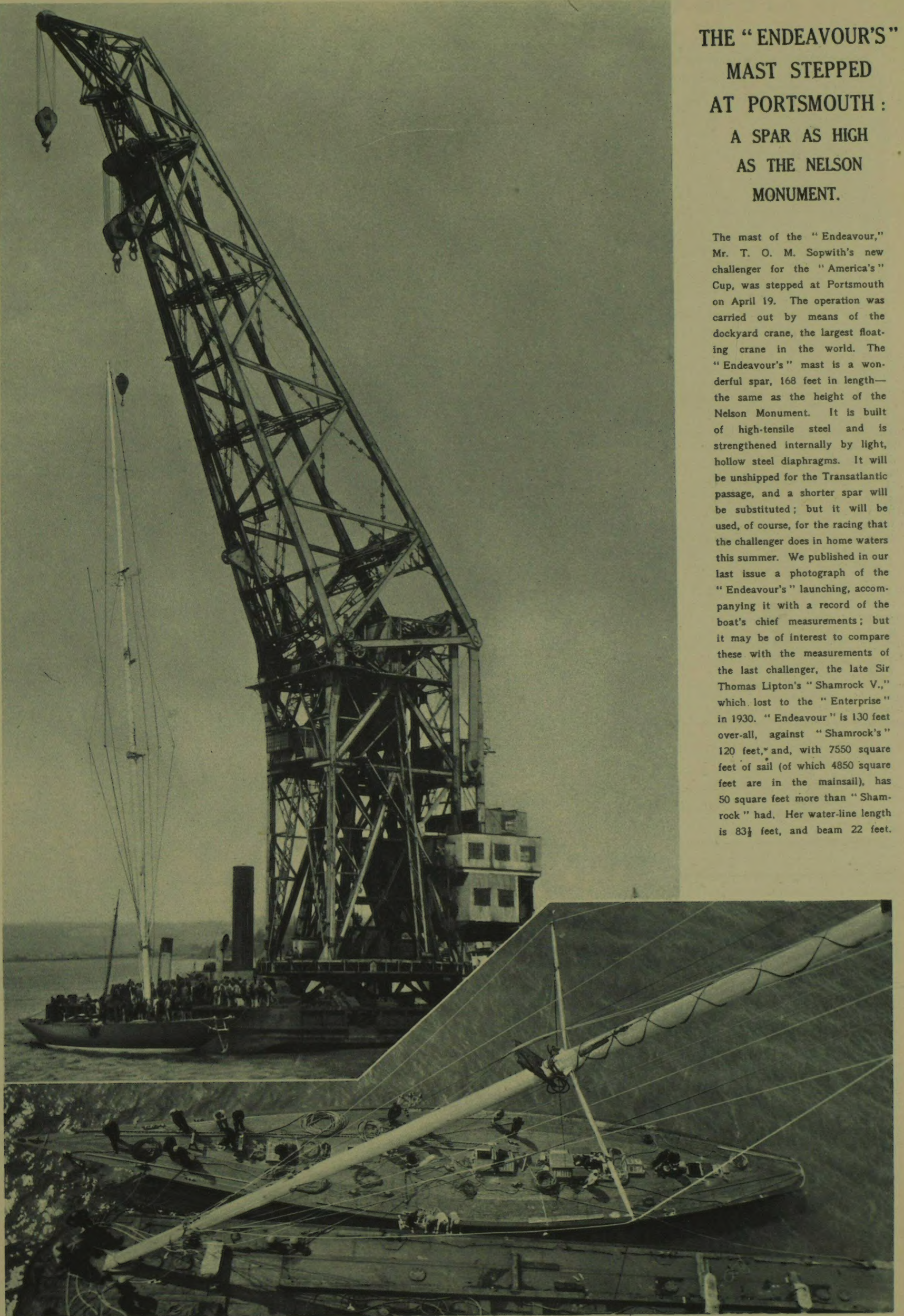
THE KING AND QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT: (ABOVE) THEIR MAJESTIES TALKING WITH OFFICERS; AND (BELOW) AT THE SALUTING-BASE DURING THE MARCH PAST OF THE 2ND BATTALION THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

The King and Queen visited Aldershot on April 19, driving there from Windsor. Their Majesties saw many of the activities of the Command, including displays in the gymnasium and baking at the supply depôt; and his Majesty took a Royal Salute given by a composite British infantry brigade. In this the 2nd Battalion the Queen's Royal Regiment, the 1st Battalion the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the 1st Battalion the Welch Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion the Gordon Highlanders took part.

souls out of their bodies; they seem equally anxious to hale the sheep's guts out of the musical instruments. They are always dreaming in some fashion of making a formal work of art give up the ghost, or allow its spirit to break away from its materials; dividing the body from the soul in another form of the many-faced heresy of the Manichees. They would hale the statue's soul also out of its body, and let the picture escape, not only from its frame, but even from its outline. How far these anarchic and nihilistic ideals lie near to others which are true and promising, or in what proportion the sane and insane simplifications stand to each other, I am not now

THE "ENDEAVOUR'S" MAST STEPPED AT PORTSMOUTH: A SPAR AS HIGH AS THE NELSON MONUMENT.

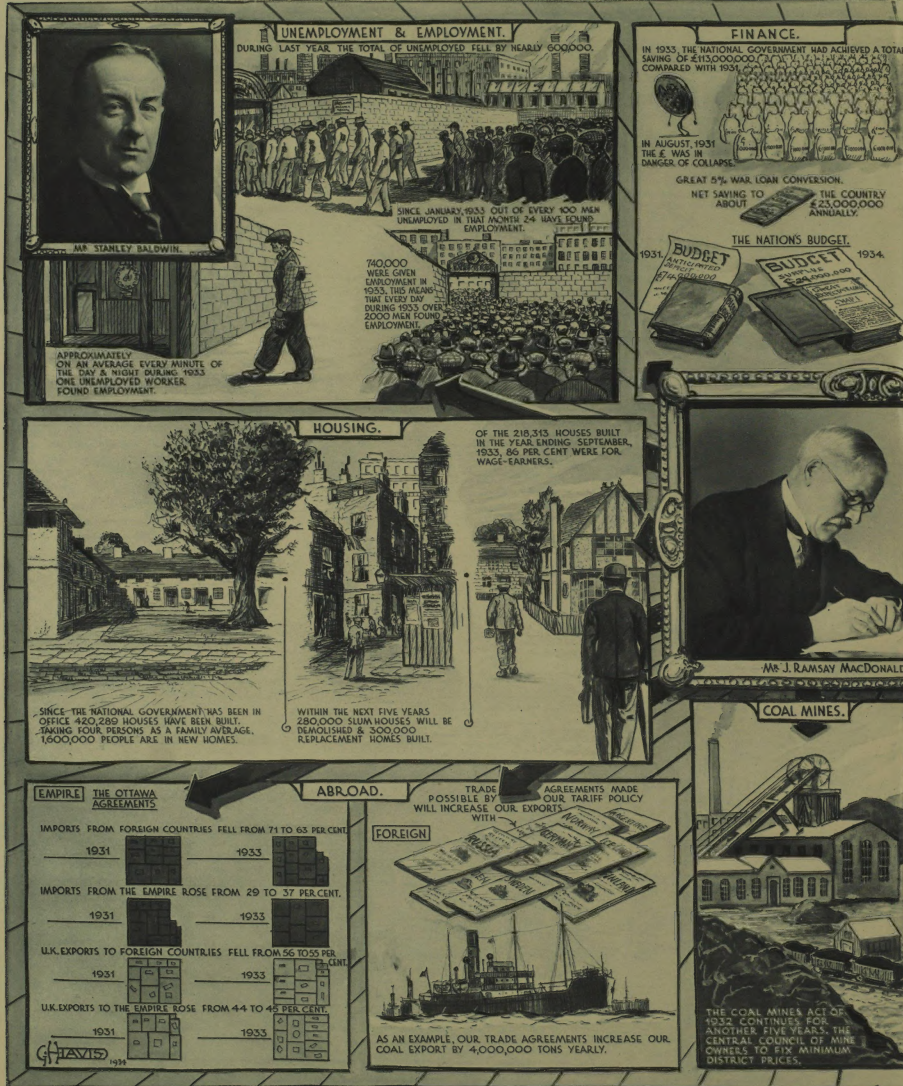
The mast of the "Endeavour," Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new challenger for the "America's" Cup, was stepped at Portsmouth on April 19. The operation was carried out by means of the dockyard crane, the largest floating crane in the world. The "Endeavour's" mast is a wonderful spar, 168 feet in length—the same as the height of the Nelson Monument. It is built of high-tensile steel and is strengthened internally by light, hollow steel diaphragms. It will be unshipped for the Transatlantic passage, and a shorter spar will be substituted; but it will be used, of course, for the racing that the challenger does in home waters this summer. We published in our last issue a photograph of the "Endeavour's" launching, accompanying it with a record of the boat's chief measurements; but it may be of interest to compare these with the measurements of the last challenger, the late Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock V.," which lost to the "Enterprise" in 1930. "Endeavour" is 130 feet over-all, against "Shamrock's" 120 feet, and, with 7550 square feet of sail (of which 4850 square feet are in the mainsail), has 50 square feet more than "Shamrock" had. Her water-line length is $83\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and beam 22 feet.



STEPPING THE MAST OF THE "ENDEAVOUR," THE NEW "AMERICA'S" CUP CHALLENGER: (ABOVE) THE MAST SUSPENDED FROM THE GIANT DOCKYARD CRANE AT PORTSMOUTH; AND (BELOW) A VIEW FROM ABOVE, SHOWING THE "ENDEAVOUR'S" BEAUTIFUL LINES, AND, JUST AFT OF THE MAST, THE ROUND APERTURE WHERE IT WAS STEPPED THROUGH TO THE KEELSON.

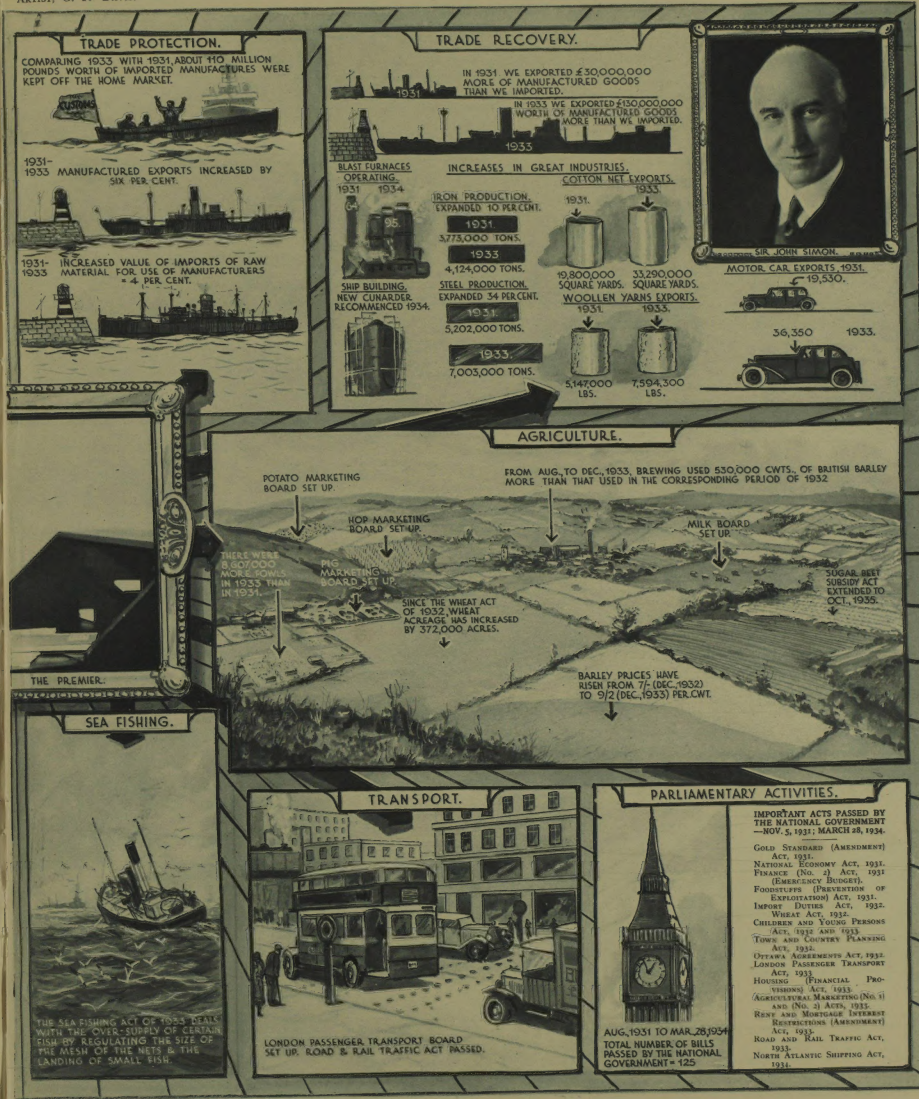
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ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



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On August 24, 1931, an official announcement read: "The Prime Minister this afternoon tendered to the King the resignation of the Ministry, which was accepted by His Majesty, who entrusted Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the task of forming a National Government on a comprehensive basis for the purpose of meeting the present financial emergency. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald accepted the commission. . . . A second announcement, made on the same day, said: "The specific object for which the new Government is being formed is to deal with the national emergency that now exists. It will not be a Coalition Government in the

usual sense of the term, but a Government of co-operation for this one purpose. . . . A General Election was held on the following October 27. On the 5th of the following month, Mr. MacDonald announced the formation of his Cabinet (represented on this double-page by himself, by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Leader of the National Conservatives, and by Sir John Simon, Leader of the Liberal Nationals); and on the 9th, speaking at the Guildhall Banquet, he said: "The Government is a unique Government, elected under unique circumstances to meet what is, happily for this country, a unique situation. We made a national appeal. We have

ARE BEARING FRUIT": A RECORD OF NATIONAL WORK WELL DONE.

received a national mandate. We are a National Government. The Cabinet and the Administration consist of members of all parties, none of whom has shed his Party allegiance, combined together to serve the nation in overcoming special difficulties in its economic life." Since then much has happened, and the National Government has justified itself in the eyes of the great majority. Three Budgets have been introduced: two were drastic in their demands upon the nation; the third—that of the other day—proved the wisdom of the others and the self-sacrifice of the people. Mr. Neville Chamberlain was justified when he said: "In 1932 many

dark clouds still hung round the horizon. In 1933, although the outlook was distinctly brighter, there was no settled feeling that we were about to enjoy a spell of fine weather. To-day the atmosphere is distinctly brighter. The events of the last twelve months have shown gratifying evidence that the efforts of His Majesty's Government are bearing fruit. . . . We have now finished the story of "Black House" and we are sitting down this afternoon to enjoy the first chapter of "Great Expectations." And in his broadcast speech of explanation, made on the same evening, he had it: "We have said goodbye to increased taxation and further cuts."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN autobiography, as in life itself, it is the purpose that counts and makes the record interesting. A purposeless existence, however rich in material things, social acquaintances, or opportunities of travel, cuts no ice because, beneath it all, there is felt no underlying aim or principle. Such defects cannot be charged against the career and personality self-revealed in "A MAN'S LIFE": Reflections and Reminiscences of Experiences in Many Lands. By Gideon Murray, Viscount Elibank. With thirty-one illustrations, and Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P. (Hutchinson; 18s.). Lord Elibank, who succeeded to the peerage on his father's death in 1927, had previously been M.P. for the St. Rollox Division of Glasgow, and in 1917 became Food Commissioner for Glasgow and the West of Scotland. During these last fifteen years he has been active in home politics, as a "Die-hard" Conservative, and advocates continuing the National Government. In his younger days, his life was as full of exciting incident as any man could wish. His adventures came to him in the course of duty at distant outposts of Empire, and, although he never says so himself, it is self-evident that "duty" was the mainspring of all his actions.

As a narrative, this earlier part of the book will appeal most to readers fond of adventurous thrills. His overseas experiences began in 1898, when he went out to British New Guinea as assistant private secretary to a new Governor. A visit to Australia on the way initiated him into the "White Australia" question, especially concerning coloured labour in Queensland. In New Guinea he shortly became a resident magistrate in a remote district, where "murder was part of everyday life," and had to deal with cannibal head-hunting tribes. He emerged successfully from many tight corners. Once he was offered human flesh to eat, and was only warned just in time by a native of his party. On another occasion, he had a close call on going to interview a tribal chief who had sent him the genial message that he wished to take his head! In 1901, during the South African War, he was sent to the Transvaal as private secretary to the Commissioner for Native Affairs, Sir Godfrey Lagden. There he smelt powder in skirmishes with the Boers, and as Assistant Native Commissioner in the Northern Transvaal, before and after the peace of Vereeniging, saw many sides of Boer and native life. A memorable incident of this period was an interview with a chieftainess bearing the hereditary title of Moojaje, the original of Rider Haggard's "She." These chapters contain noteworthy comments on the rights and wrongs of the South African War and on the Zulu rebellion.

In 1908, the author's marriage gave his life a new direction, for he and his wife went to Mexico City as guests of Sir Weetman Pearson, M.P., afterwards Lord Cowdray. In Mexico they met President Porfirio Diaz, who had been ruling the country with a rod of iron for thirty-four years, and their experiences in travelling about included an earthquake and a railway accident. In the following year Lord Elibank became Administrator of St. Vincent, and in November 1914 he was promoted to a similar post in St. Lucia—important during the war as a naval coaling station. His account of West Indian conditions forms a notable chapter in Colonial history. At St. Lucia, in 1916, he entertained ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, and recalls a conversation that is interesting now in view of suggested salvage operations in Irish waters. Asked what he would have done, if he had been President at the time of the *Lusitania* outrage, Roosevelt replied that he would have summoned the German Ambassador and said: "Count Bernstorff, I have heard these rumours about the *Lusitania*. . . . If anything should happen to the *Lusitania* on her way across the Atlantic, I shall regard it as an act of war." He added that he would also have placed U.S. Marines on board all German merchant-ships

in American harbours and held them as hostages. The tragedy would probably have been averted.

In 1932 Lord Elibank spoke at the foundation of the British Empire Building in the Rockefeller Centre, New York, and referred to the Conference to be held at Ottawa. "I added," he writes, "that when the British Empire had got together, I hoped that, representing, as that Empire would, a quarter of the globe's surface together with a quarter of the population of the world, she would meet the United States in conclave and enter into commercial arrangements with them. . . . The fact that the British Empire was an entity on a very large scale—that is, something really big—would appeal to the imagination of the United States in a way which Great Britain by herself had never been able to do. . . . I hold the firm conviction that the future destiny of the world lies with the English-speaking peoples in the United States and the British Empire. With these two great nations in friendly collaboration, the future peace of the world could be assured. . . . in the future there may well be a Commonwealth of English-speaking Peoples."

On matters of imperial politics Lord Elibank is well qualified to speak by his wide experience of Colonial administration; and from that point of view his book is particularly valuable. It also makes good reading as a personal narrative, and it is by no means lacking in humour. There is, in fact, something interesting on every page. It is a pity, by the way, as a matter of book-production, that these points of interest were not brought out in the right-hand page-headings, which merely repeat the title throughout. However good a title may be, it is apt to pall after meeting the reader's eye 290 times! On the lighter side of life the author does not despise mundane amusements, such as racing, for example. He is in favour of "sweeps" and

is exemplified in turning from the last-named book to "VALENTINE'S DAYS." By Viscount Castlerosse. With eighteen illustrations (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). This entertaining volume is not an autobiography, but a reminiscent commentary on things in general, bubbling with wit and humour, free from chronological trammels, and composed of forty disconnected and discursive chapters ranging over every sort of subject, from Nazi demonstrations to murder cases, from the Four Arts Ball to a Spanish bull-fight, from an air-trip to Paris to impressions of America and Canada. Lord Castlerosse is, of course, well known in the journalistic world, and his "Londoner's Log" is a popular feature of the *Sunday Express*. He is a master of amusing anecdote and unexpected quips in describing incidents and people. To read his book is like listening to an accomplished and genial raconteur. At the same time, for all his liveliness, he is not to be written down a *flâneur*. Every now and then comes a passage of serious and sometimes of tragic import, not surprising in one who took part in the first fierce fighting of 1914, and went through such experiences as those he briefly describes.

Although, at first sight, Lord Castlerosse's book may not seem to be inspired by any lofty purpose beyond the highly laudable motive—associated with "The Card"—of "cheering us all up," yet it has, now and then, a serious side. Interspersed with humorous allusions to the numberless people he has known, there is a good deal of common-sense philosophy and sound reflection on domestic life. In his graver moments he is a little uneasy about modern social tendencies, and the following passage is typical of his skill in turning lightly

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

"I am not sitting in sackcloth and ashes," he writes, "but in pyjamas, with a large whisky-and-soda in front of me, puffing away at a rather moderate cigar. I do not pretend to be a Puritan, nor do I lay claim to being a 'good' man. Nevertheless, deep in me there is a certain consciousness of shame and failure. . . . In Society, as I knew it as a boy, certain things could not be done. . . . These moral codes exist no more in the West-End. . . . I do not believe that this slackening of the moral values can go on for very long without disaster. Unmorality leads to inevitable social disaster—the history of Rome, Spain, and France shows this unmistakably."

It is interesting to compare Lord Castlerosse's reminiscences with those of one who was, in some respects, "his opposite number" a century ago, as told in "THE LAST RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN GRONOW." Formerly of the First Foot Guards. A New Edition with illustrations by Malcolm Easton (Selwyn and Blount; 10s. 6d.). I have said "a century ago" because, although the gallant Captain did not drop into print until the 'sixties, his memories relate mostly to earlier days, from the Waterloo period onwards. The suggested comparison emphasises the change that has come about in literary style. Although this nineteenth-century chronicle is piquant enough in its subject matter, and, for its period, far from heavy, yet it has a certain measured manner that contrasts with the easy colloquialism of the modern writer, which is more like a transcript of conversation.

Captain Gronow's account of Shelley's fight at Eton in 1809 with Sir Thomas Styles exemplifies his descriptive powers, although his narrative is often brisker. "The tall, lank figure of the poet," we read, "towered above the diminutive, thick-set little Baronet, by nearly a head and shoulders. . . . Shelley's confidence increased; he stalked round the ring as before and spouted one of the defiant addresses usual with Homer's heroes when about to commence a single combat. . . . In the second and last round, Styles went to work like a first-rate artist, and, after several slighter blows, delivered what is called in the prize-ring 'a heavy slogger' on Shelley's bread-basket; this seemed positively to electrify the bard, for, I blush to say, he broke through the ring and took to his heels."

No editor's name is attached to this reprint of Gronow's fourth and last volume, but a publisher's note, oddly placed before the title-page, gives a short and sketchy account of his character and the nature of the contents. As his name and works are probably quite unfamiliar to many modern readers, I think these prefatory remarks might well have been more detailed and explicit. Half an hour with the "Dictionary of National Biography" would have elicited "the facts of his career," which are not without interest. The numerous little woodcuts are excellent, but they have no titles, and I confess to a sneaking preference for knowing what an illustration represents.

C. E. B.



DIZZY WORK WITH THE CAMERA 50 FEET ALOFT: PHOTOGRAPHING A LONG-EARED OWLS' NEST (IN A CONVERTED SPARROW-HAWKS' NEST).



FUTURE "POLICEMEN" OF OUR WOODS AND FIELDS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE POSITION SHOWN IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH: YOUNG LONG-EARED OWLETS (ONE WEEK OLD) IN THE NEST—A TYPE OF BIRD WHOSE DIET INCLUDES A PREPONDERANCE OF NOXIOUS INSECTS, MICE, AND RATS.

In our issue of March 17 some unusually interesting photographs of young barn-owls were made the occasion of a short discussion of the danger this species is in of being gradually exterminated; the introduction of the little, or screech, owl from Norway being a subsidiary factor in the barn-owl crisis. We here illustrate the nest of a British owl which is, perhaps, not so well known as the barn-owl, though it is more abundant than is generally supposed. It is characteristic of the long-eared owl that it deposits its eggs in an old squirrels' drey, or in some former nest of a ring-dove, magpie, crow, rook, or heron. In this case an old sparrow-hawks' nest was chosen, and patched with dry grass. The bird feeds principally upon field mice, voles, rats, and birds up to the size of a blackbird, though beetles and other insects are also eaten. "That it is a great destroyer of noxious animals" (notes Howard Saunders) "is evident from the fact that 11,641 autopsies of stomachs yielded 96 per cent. of injurious animal remains."

lotteries as a means of raising funds or of relieving taxation. "There is a great deal of hypocrisy on this matter," he remarks. Since the recent Budget, income-tax payers will endorse his encomium on the political work of Mr. Neville Chamberlain!

One man's life is never like another's, and the diversity of human nature, even within the limits of the peerage,

A CORMORANT "ROOKERY" TWENTY MILES INLAND.

KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS TYPICAL SEA-BIRDS, CORMORANTS
NEST IN TREES NEAR ROTTERDAM.



KNOWN AS A SEA-BIRD *PAR EXCELLENCE* IN ENGLAND—BUT HERE FOUND BREEDING BESIDE A POND: A CORMORANT AT LEKKERKERK, NEAR ROTTERDAM—ONE OF THE FIVE BIG INLAND COLONIES OF CORMORANTS IN HOLLAND.



CORMORANTS NESTING IN TREES, OVER 20 MILES INLAND!—A CLOSE VIEW OF THE CORMORANT "ROOKERY" AT LEKKERKERK, WHERE BUILDING SITES ARE BECOMING SOMEWHAT RESTRICTED.



DRIVEN TO NEST IN STRANGE PLACES BY THE SHORTAGE OF ARBOREAL SITES—AND EVEN ON THE GROUND, WHICH IS VERY EXCEPTIONAL IN HOLLAND: A CORMORANT ON A NEST CONSTRUCTED ON THE REED SCREEN BESIDE THE POND AT LEKKERKERK.

To most English people, the cormorant is a sea-fisherman *par excellence*; and the idea of his nesting inland, like a heron or a goose, must seem incongruous. The incongruity is probably heightened in the minds of most by the fact that the cormorant and the "shag" (the Green cormorant, *Phalacrocorax aristotelis*) are not distinguished by them; and the shag does occur almost exclusively on rocky sea-coasts. Milton, however, appears to have had no scruples about putting a cormorant



CORMORANTS NESTING IN TREES AT LEKKERKERK: THE GROVE NEAR THE RIVER LEK, WHERE THE PRESENCE OF THE BIRDS HAS KILLED OFF THE TREES, WHICH IN SOME CASES HAVE ROTTED ALTOGETHER AND FALLEN.

in a tree. Satan, in "Paradise Lost," "on the Tree of Life, The middle tree and highest there that grew, Sat like a cormorant." Perhaps the poet had seen cormorants in trees in the course of his travels. The correspondent who sends us these photographs from Holland does not name the species seen in them. The conspicuous white patch on the thigh is, however, characteristic of the common great, or black, cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*). "In Holland" (our correspondent notes) "the cormorant is an inland breeding bird, nesting in trees—in contrast to its relatives in England. To-day there are about five colonies of importance left, a well-known one being that near the village of Lekkerkerk, not far from Rotterdam, where some five hundred pairs nest annually, and where the photographs were taken. The birds are nesting in the trees on the main road beside the river Lek. As this colony has been protected during recent years, the birds are remarkably tame and allow one to approach close to them; and they return to their nests immediately after being disturbed. The photographs were taken without the use of a hide or concealment for the camera, the shutter being released by means of a string only a few yards long. Of recent years cormorants have taken to nesting on the ground at Lekkerkerk . . . the only ground-breeding cormorants known in Holland."

THE CULT OF THE CHERRY BLOSSOM: THE

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM,

rate and delicate kinds no longer receive the attention their beauty deserves. Indeed, had it not been for the enthusiasm and enterprise of an obscure suburban official, who lived about the middle of last century, many of the finer forms would have been irretrievably lost. This official, Kengo Shimidzu by name, dwelt in Koboku, a small village some fourteen miles from the eastern capital of Tokyo. This man was a passionate lover of cherry trees, and with truly amazing diligence collected, by fair means or foul, all the varieties he could lay hands on. These he planted in a long avenue on the banks of the Arakawa. Portions of this avenue exist to-day, and descendants of these same trees now beautify the homes of many countries.

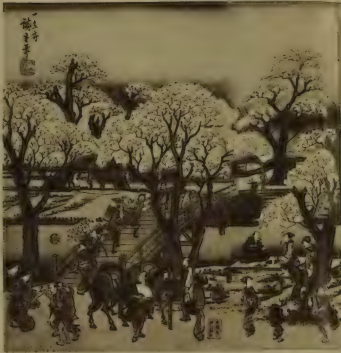
As is well known, the blossoming of the cherries made the occasion of a national holiday in Japan. The populace, in countless numbers, make an annual pilgrimage to the more famous groves and plantations. Of these, the most noted is at Yoshino, in the Province of Yamato. This place is situated in Central Japan, and, being accessible to several large towns, is frequented during the month of April by immense crowds of flower-lovers. As many as twenty-five thousand people have been known to visit the hills of Yoshino in a single day. Osaka, Kobe, Nara, and Kyoto all supply their quota and contribute to these *Hana-mis*, or "Flower-viewing" excursions.

The cherries at Yoshino cover the two slopes of a valley, and in mid-April they form an almost solid mass of bloom. When viewed from a distance, the landscape looks as though it had been lightly powdered with snow, and the illusion is further enhanced when a breeze dislodges the petals and they fall in slow-moving showers to the ground. These trees belong almost exclusively to a wild species called by the Japanese Yama Sakura, or "Hill Cherry" (*Prunus yamadai*). The flowers are normally white, or only slightly tinged with pink; but, as the young, unfolding leaves are of a shining copper-red colour, the mass effect has a warm, pinkish tone which is especially beautiful when seen against the lowering sun. In the autumn the foliage becomes richly tinted, and during this season these groves are again visited by throngs of sightseers.

Another resort, in the more immediate neighbourhood of Kyoto, is Arishiyama, situated on the hilly banks of the River Hozu. Here the cherries intermingle with the dark-leaved pines, and against this sombre background, especially when their sun-lit reflections are mirrored in the clear waters of the river, they form a picture of truly enchanting beauty. There are also several important cherry centres in the vicinity of Tokyo; and actually within the confines of this city and its suburbs it has been estimated that there are growing no fewer than 95,000 cherry

JAPANESE EMBLEM OF LOYALTY & PATRIOTISM.

the Well-Known Expert on Cherry Trees.



A COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE DEPICTING CHERRIES IN FULL AN EARLY WOOD-BLOCK (C. 1840) FOR COMPARISON WITH THE



BLOOM BESIDE THE KOGANEI RIVER, AND A FÊTE IN THE GARDENS:

MODERN PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAME PLACE (ON RIGHT, BELOW).

modern photographs by botanists. It is undoubtedly the longest-lived of all cherries, and very ancient specimens are to be found scattered through the length and breadth of the country. The supposed longevity of some of the examples is open to doubt, for the Japanese often attribute a fabulous age to an old and decrepit tree. For instance, it has been said that the venerable example growing in the precincts of the Jissoji Temple, in the Yamashiro Prefecture, is no less than 1800 years old! They have named it Jindai Zakura, an appellation that may be loosely interpreted as "The Cherry of the Age of God." This remarkable specimen is stated to be ninety feet in height, with a trunk girth of over thirty feet. Although obviously of considerable antiquity, I very much doubt if it was planted more than four or five hundred years ago.

Several species of wild cherries occur in different parts of the country. In this article we need mention only two, and of these we have already referred to the white-flowered Yama Sakura of Central Honshu. The beautiful Sargent's Cherry (*P. sargentii*) has a more boreal range, and is only encountered in the mountainous districts round Fujiyama and Nikko and from thence northwards. It possesses delicate rose-pink flowers which, seen in combination with a very fine foliage, make it the loveliest of all wild cherries.

An observant traveller in Japan will no doubt remark on the extraordinary dearth of really old specimens of either of these trees. The reason is not far to seek. During the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, practically all printing and illustration was done from wood-blocks, and it was when these trees that was invariably used for the purpose. The exquisite colour-prints of Utagawa, Hiroshige, Hokusai, and other great xylographists were all engraved on cherry-wood. To supply the ever-increasing demand, the mountain forests were ransacked for sizeable trees, and these were recklessly felled; consequently, to-day we can find only specimens

trees. At Koganei, about thirteen miles distant, there is to be found a very remarkable avenue. This is approximately two miles long and contains some of the finest specimens in Japan—great, broad-crowned trees up to fifty feet or more in height. These are said to have been planted by order of the Shogun Yoshimune in the year 1735, and, according to tradition, the thousand saplings were then carried all the way from Yoshino for this purpose. That these trees had already attained considerable size by the middle of last century is proved by an old colour-print by Hiroshige, executed about 1840. It is interesting to compare this early wood-block with a modern photograph taken from more or less the same viewpoint.

When we travel north to Sendai, in the Province of Miyagi, we will find another, smaller, flowering species dominating the landscape; it is called Higan Sakura, or "Spring Cherry," by the Japanese, and *Prunus sub*

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"FROM OUT THE HEART OF SPRING, LIKE BREATH OF INCENSE SHEDS THE FRAGRANT CHERRY BLOOMS": ONE OF THE SCENTED VARIETIES OF JAPANESE CHERRIES, NAMED KOJIMA AFTER A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY WARRIOR.

that were then too young for the woodman's axe.

To the Japanese the cherry is not only a thing of beauty, it is also emblematic of loyalty and patriotism. In this connection a quaint story has been handed down the ages of a trusty warrior and his Imperial master. In 1339 the Emperor Go-Daigo fell into the hands of his enemies, and they held him so close a captive that the faithful Kojima could at first find no means of conveying to him a message of hope and encouragement. When he learnt that the Emperor was about to be carried into exile, Kojima was quick to seize the opportunity that was offered. Hastening forward by another route, he stopped at an inn where the two roads converged and where he knew Go-Daigo was going to stay. Hurriedly tearing the bark off a nearby cherry tree, he wrote thereon, in bold calligraphy, his message of assurance, confident that his master's love of beauty would impel him to look in that direction. This incident, which is possibly true, or at least founded on fact, is often depicted in various phases of Japanese art.

Although the flowering cherries have been known to the Western world for more than two hundred years, and living plants were introduced into Europe from Japan as long ago as the middle of last century, they were little appreciated until comparatively recent times. For the last forty or fifty years small consignments of these trees have reached Europe and America, but it was not until 1914 that a large quantity was planted in one spot for mass effect. In this year the Municipality of Tokyo presented to the American nation about three thousand cherry trees of twelve different varieties. These were planted in the Potomac Park, Washington, and they now form one of the floral sights of the world, rivaling in beauty many of the more noted resorts in Japan.

This gift seems to have given a filly to the culture, and in 1914 the Arnold Arboretum to make a collection of all the varieties he could obtain from Japan. In 1925 the present writer paid a visit to that country for the same purpose. The results of these two expeditions are now scattered far and wide. In many parts of Europe and America the majority of these cherries are perfect hardy, and there is absolutely no reason why we should not make our parks and cities as beautiful in the spring months as those of the Japanese Empire. When in flower, there is no more lovely tree in the world—

From out the heart of spring, like breath of incense sheds the fragrant cherry blooms. . . . KAMO-MARUICHI.

For comparison with the Hiroshige colour-print (above) of about 1840: a modern photograph, taken from nearly the same viewpoint, and showing the famous Koganei Avenue, near Tokyo, of 10,000 cherry trees planted in 1735.

THE "MECCA" OF ALL CHERRY-LOVERS, AND IN APRIL THE THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS: BLOSSOMING TREES SO DENSE THAT (VIEWED FROM A DISTANCE) THE LANDSCAPE SEEMS POWDERED WITH A FRESH FALL OF SNOW.

It was in 1854 that Commander Perry, at the point of the gun, induced the Japanese to open their doors to the outside world. At that time the arts and crafts of the country had reached a very high standard, and were still entirely uncontaminated by any Occidental influence. Pre-eminently an æsthetic race, these people possessed a passionate love for all things beautiful. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that flowering trees and plants claimed a very large share of their attention.

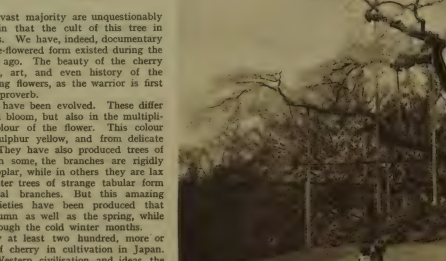
After many centuries of civilisation, the Japanese horticulturists, by means of careful and patient selection, had already greatly improved, in some cases almost beyond recognition, many of their favorite plants. Among these may be mentioned the chrysanthemum, Kampei's iris, mum plum, and, especially, the lovely flowering cherries. It is my personal opinion that a few of the so-called "Japanese" cherries now in cultivation were derived from species indigenous to China; but the national spirit need not be disturbed by this fact, since the vast majority are unquestionably of native origin. It is quite certain that the cult of this tree in Japan dates back to very remote times. We have, indeed, documentary evidence to prove that a large double-flowered form existed during the Nara Period, over a thousand years ago. The beauty of the cherry has for long permeated the poetry, art, and even history of the country. "The cherry is first among flowers, as the warrior is first among men," runs an old Japanese proverb.

A surprising number of varieties have been evolved. These differ not only in the size of the individual bloom, but also in the multiplication of its petals and the actual colour of the flower. This colour ranges from snowy white to pale sulphur yellow, and from delicate blush pink to deep carmine red. They have also produced trees of remarkably diverse habit. Thus, in some, the branches are rigidly upright, like those of a Lombardy poplar, while in others they are lax and weeping; again, we may encounter trees of strange tabular form with curious outstretched horizontal branches. But this amazing diversity does not end here. Varieties have been produced that will open their blossoms in the autumn as well as the spring, while others will continue to flower all through the cold winter months.

At one time there were probably at least two hundred, more or less, distinct varieties and species of cherry in cultivation in Japan. Unfortunately, with the advent of Western civilisation and ideas, the cult of the national tree has been sadly neglected by the Japanese, and many of the choicer kinds seem to have now disappeared. It is true that cherries are still regarded with veneration, and large numbers are annually planted in parks, temple gardens, and public places; but these are usually of the common sorts, and the more



A TREE OF ROTAN ZAKURA—THE SO-CALLED "PEONY CHERRY" OF JAPAN—in full bloom: ONE OF THE RARE AND MORE DELICATE VARIETIES, WHICH HAS BEEN NEGLECTED IN ITS NATIVE COUNTRY.



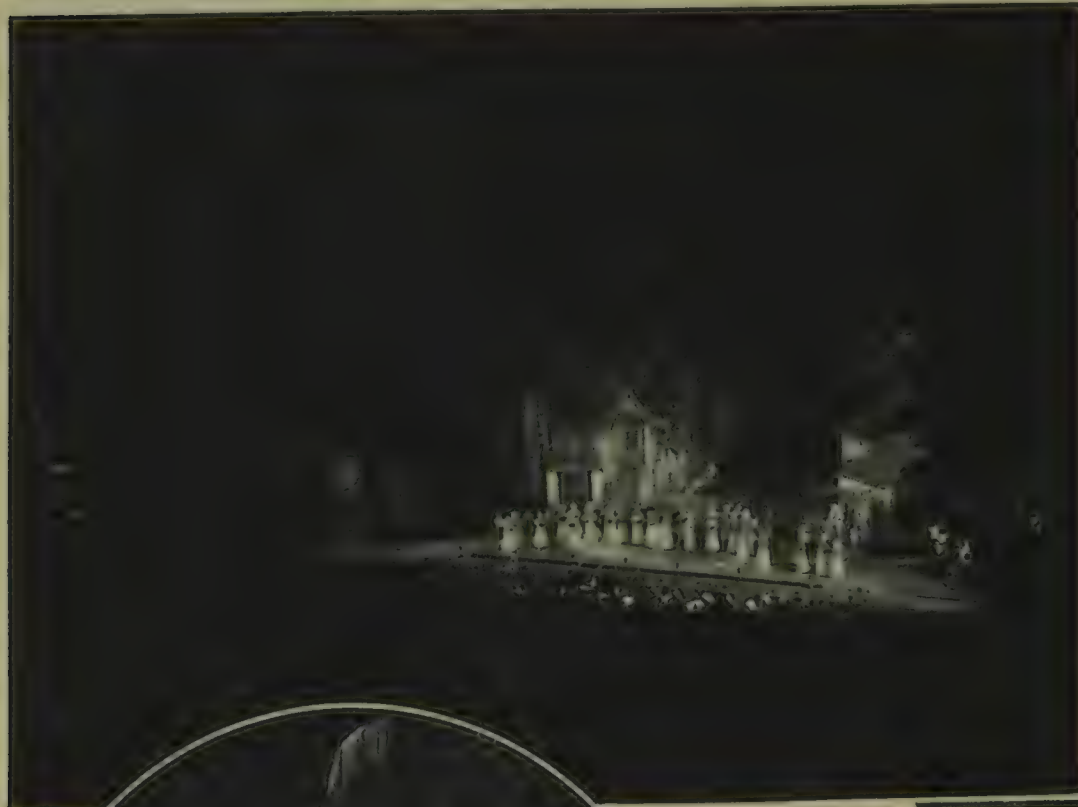
THE 400-YEAR-OLD HIGAN ZAKURA—OR "SPRING CHERRY"—IN MARUYAMA PARK, KYOTO: A VETERAN, THOUGH A LITTLE DECREPIT AND LEAVING ON CRUTCHES, WITH ENOUGH VITALITY TO BROUGHT ITS BOUGH WITH PINK BLOSSOM EVERY SPRING.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE HIROSHIGE COLOUR-PRINT (ABOVE) OF ABOUT 1840: A MODERN PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM NEARLY THE SAME VIEWPOINT, AND SHOWING THE FAMOUS KOGANEI AVENUE, NEAR TOKYO, OF 10,000 CHERRY TREES PLANTED IN 1735.

OPERA IN THE OPEN AIR—AT NIGHT:

AN AUDITORIUM FOR 10,000 AT ST. LOUIS; IN AN IMPOSING THEATRE THAT BOASTS EVERY NOTABLE MECHANICAL DEVICE.



(ABOVE)
THE STAGE
SEEN FROM
THE BACK
OF THE VAST
AUDITORIUM:
A SCENE THAT
STANDS OUT
LIKE AN
ISLAND OF
LIGHT FROM THE
SURROUNDING
SEA OF
DARKNESS.
(LEFT)
THE STAGE
FROM CLOSE
AT HAND
DURING A
PERFORMANCE;
WITH
MICROPHONES
VISIBLE BEHIND
THE FOOTLIGHTS.



THE SPOTLIGHT AND THE MOON: LIGHTING, ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL, IN A THEATRE BEAUTIFUL IN ITSELF AND EQUIPPED WITH EVERY MECHANICAL DEVICE.



BACK-STAGE AT ST. LOUIS: BEHIND THE SCENES IN A THEATRE WHICH HAS REVOLVING STAGES, WONDERFUL LIGHTING ARRANGEMENTS, AND SENSITIVE MICROPHONES.



A PACKED AUDIENCE ABSORBED IN AN OPERA AT THE GREAT OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT ST. LOUIS; THE BEAM OF A SPOTLIGHT PASSING ABOVE THEIR HEADS TO THE STAGE: A PUBLIC WHOSE DEMAND IS MAINLY FOR LIGHT OPERA—FOR INSTANCE, "BITTER SWEET" AND "THE LAND OF SMILES."



THE BACK OF THE STAGE, WITH WORKSHOPS UNDERNEATH: A VIEW GIVING A GLIMPSE OF THE TREES THAT FRINGE THE AUDITORIUM AND STAGE.

In view of the opening of the Covent Garden opera season, it is interesting to record the existence of a vast open-air theatre, at St. Louis, Missouri, where, in a huge natural amphitheatre in the middle of the city's Forest Park, a summer season of opera is presented nightly to an audience of ten thousand people. The theatre, owned by the city under a charter whereby profits must be utilised for improvements, is a triumph of natural beauty and engineering skill. The walls of the auditorium are formed by double rows of stately poplars; two gigantic oaks make a natural proscenium over the stage; and the only ceiling is the night sky. The

roar of the great industrial city is muffled by a large surrounding park. The stage itself is so deep that a coach-and-six can appear four hundred feet from the footlights and approach to the very front; yet its great size does not forbid more intimate scenes, since highly sensitive microphones are installed capable of amplifying every sound perfectly and without distortion. Whispered dialogue can be heard by ten thousand people. At each performance a thousand seats are free, and the others rise to a price equivalent to six shillings. During the hot summer of St. Louis not more than three nights a season, as a rule, are lost through rain.



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.—NEITHER A DISTINGUISHED BUILDING NOR IMPOSINGLY PLACED ;
BUT ACOUSTICALLY PERFECT AND THE HOME OF A GREAT TRADITION.

The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where the International Opera Season opens on Monday, April 30, has been reprieved for a time, at all events; and certain alterations and improvements have been made. These do not affect the

auditorium, which is acoustically perfect and, if not particularly noted for beauty, is a world-famous setting that has witnessed, and will witness, many a splendid performance by great singers. In its present form, it dates from 1858.

The World of the Theatre.

MIRACLE. MAGIC AND METAMORPHOSIS.

BIOGRAPHY, as a form of dramatic expression, presents one supremely inherent difficulty—that of reconciling the known facts with the needs of the stage. The purpose of the theatre is to create illusion, and, to achieve this, the plot must be a portrait in the Aristotelian sense—that is, it must be an imitation of life. Now the biographical data circumscribe the creation, and to falsify it is to undermine the authenticity of the portrait. Yet a record of the externals of a man's life, however faithful, would lack that mystery which is spirit; so the dramatist, therefore, must add to the power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the circumstances, the power of revealing the spirit shaped by or shaping those circumstances. The action of a man's life is not confined to his deeds. It can hardly be said that Hamlet is less active when he upbraids his mother than when he stabs Claudius. Action is distinct

often have we seen it attempted, and always there is a want of dimension? "Plastic soul is intensity of life bursting the plane," wrote Gaudier-Brzeska in one of his most pregnant sentences. A biography of that sculptural genius must dramatise that mystery.

Miss Gordon Daviot, in "The Laughing Woman," at the New, has sought to escape that problem by a programme note which, while confessing the "idea was suggested by the life of Henri Gaudier," adds that the study is in no way a portrait of him. The essential weakness of this play is precisely the fact that René Latour is an identification, for the odd relationship with Ingrid coincides with Gaudier's association with Sophia Brzeska; while his chequered career, his struggles in London, his individualistic artistic creed, his incontinent return to the France which had rejected him, his promotion on the field, his death on active service (June 5, 1915), and posthumous fame are con-

would not have challenged the propriety of such a biography of genius, but have been subdued by the illusion.

The playwright has attacked her subject with sincerity, allying literary force with lucidity; and her portraits, though they lack the compulsions of life, are persuasive. She eschews all the barnacle conventions that usually cling to stage descriptions of an artist, and steadily preserves the vision incorruptible which is the endowment of a great soul. But we do not get that vortex of energy which hewed the stone. Mr. Stephen Haggard, in a brilliant performance, invests René with a personality suggesting genius—a rare accomplishment—and Miss Veronica Turleigh, in the less interesting and more shadowy rôle of Ingrid, never permits her to grow tedious. The result is a play of distinction, free from sham theatricality, a play that draws life from the players by their sensitive performances, but, despite its passages of beauty and integrity of purpose, a play too predetermined by



HERBERT JANSSEN.
(Barytone.)



ROLF SCHARF.
(Tenor.)



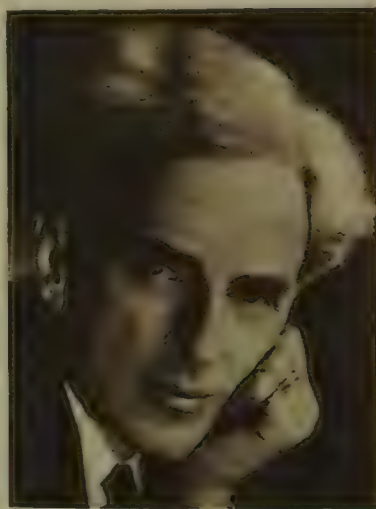
ERICH ZIMMERMANN—AS MIME
IN "SIEGFRIED."
(Tenor.)



MARTIN KREMER.
(Tenor.)



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.
(Principal Conductor.)



MAESTRO GINO MARINUZZI.
(Conductor.)



DR. CLEMENS KRAUSS.
(Conductor.)

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON: CONDUCTORS AND SINGERS.

We publish on this and the opposite page portraits of some of the famous singers who will appear this year at Covent Garden. In the centre of this page we give photographs of the three conductors—Sir Thomas Beecham, Artistic Director and Principal Conductor; Dr. Clemens Krauss, General Director and Principal Conductor of the State Opera, Vienna; and Maestro Gino Marinuzzi, of the Teatro Reale, Rome.

firmatory details. Then how can the illusion be established when we see modelling that was not his, to say nothing of the minor characters who border on caricature? The two central figures, since they have no volition outside the biography, have no spiritual essence, and the action remains static. Ingrid's tempers only result in clean collars, and René's exhortations exert no influence. The fact, carefully underlined, that the association is as between brother and sister, subtracts that elemental pressure of passion which, unleashed, sweeps like a tidal wave. The control is imposed out of regard and respect for the facts; an estimable intention but inhibitory in its effects. Had these characters possessed a life independent of the Gaudier-Brzeska history, then incident might have illuminated character instead of merely illustrating it, and the mind

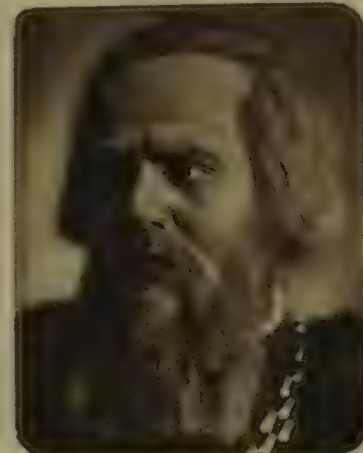
biographical details to allow action that spontaneous combustion which, with its "Fiat Lux," reveals the miracle.

Mr. Elmer Rice frankly exploits the theatre in his piece, "Counsellor-at-Law," at the Piccadilly, and establishes tension, not through the energy of spiritual conflicts, but by a lesser magic which

[Cont. on Page 670.]



ALFRED BARTOLITUS.
(Tenor.)



EMMANUEL LIST—AS POGNER
IN "DIE MEISTERSINGER."
(Bass.)



FERNANDO AUTORI—AS ARCHIBALDO
IN "THE LOVE OF
THE THREE KINGS."
(Bass.)



EZIO PINZA.
(Bass.)

TO SING AT COVENT GARDEN: STARS OF THE OPERA SEASON.

LOTTE
LEHMANN
(Soprano.)



FRIDA
LEIDER.
(Soprano.)



RUTH
BERGLUND.
(Mezzo-soprano.)



MARY
JARRED—AS
QUEEN
EISHERZ IN
"SCHWANDA."
(Mezzo-soprano.)



PAUL SCHOFFLER—AS SCHWANDA.
(Bass-barytone.)



VIORICA URSULEAC.
(Soprano.)



LAURITZ MELCHIOR—AS SIEGFRIED.
(Tenor.)



EDUARD HABICH—AS ALBERICH IN
"DER RING." (Barytone.)



ANNE ROSELLE—AS TURANDOT.
(Soprano.)



ALEXANDER KIPNIS—AS POGNER
IN "DIE MEISTERSINGER." (Bass.)



JOHN BROWNLEE—AS KING HEROD
IN "HÉRODIADÉ." (Bass-barytone.)



GERTRUDE RÜNIGER—AS FRICKA
IN "DER RING." (Soprano.)



DINO BORGIOLI.
(Tenor.)



RUDOLF BOCKELMANN.
(Bass-barytone.)

THE Covent Garden Opera Season starts next Monday, April 30, and will last for eight weeks, until Friday, June 22. Extensive improvements have been carried out at Covent Garden in readiness for the season: a complete new lighting system has been installed, with a gigantic cyclorama, or curved background, circling the whole stage from floor to roof; an annexe has been added at the back, equipped with modern dressing-rooms and rehearsal-rooms; new

[Continued opposite.

scenery, of much greater solidity than the old, is being made for "The Ring" and other operas; and there will be a sliding stage on which a whole scene can be set in readiness for taking the place of another. Many famous singers, British and foreign, have been engaged. Certain of the old favourites, and of the newcomers, are discussed in an article on page 664 by our Music Critic, who mentions also the operas that are to be performed.

ODDITIES OF A TRAGIC EARTHQUAKE: STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN BIHAR.



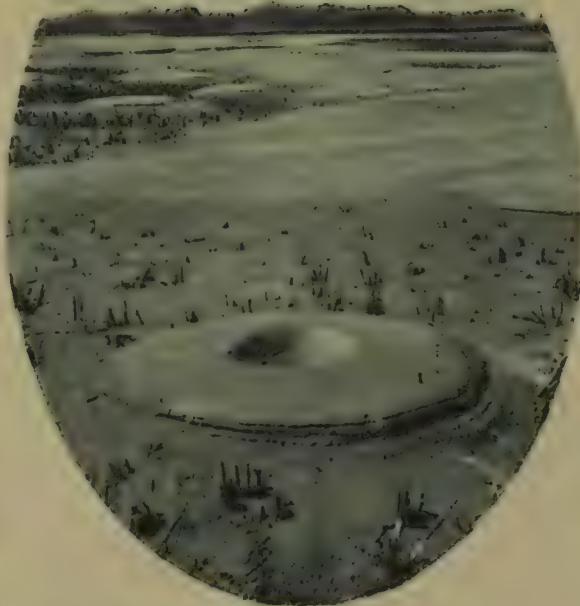
A BOGGY DEPOSIT OF SAND AND WATER THROWN UP BY THE EARTHQUAKE OVER FIELDS OF GRAM AND LINSEED: NATIVES UP TO THEIR KNEES IN A DEPOSIT SUCH AS HAS DESTROYED THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF CROPS.



TWO FEET OF WATER WHERE BEFORE THERE WERE TWENTY: A VILLAGE TANK IN NORTH BIHAR, WHERE EIGHTEEN FEET OF SAND, FORCED UP THROUGH THE BOTTOM, RUINED THE WATER SUPPLY—AS HAS OCCURRED IN HUNDREDS OF TANKS AND WELLS.



WHAT WAS ONCE A DRY RIVER-BED EIGHT FEET DEEP HEAVED UP AND LEVEL WITH THE SURROUNDING LAND; SHOWING VEGETATION, IN PLACES, STILL GROWING INTACT AFTER ITS JUMP UP.



A CROP OF GEYSERS INSTEAD OF RICE: A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE LESS AFFECTED AREAS IN BIHAR, WITH THE PADDY STUBBLE STILL TO BE SEEN STANDING ON THE FIELD.



A SERIES OF EARTH FISSURES, SOME OF THEM TWENTY FEET DEEP: AN UPHEAVAL COMMON IN THE EPI-CENTRE OF THE EARTHQUAKE, WHERE SUCH CRACKS BROUGHT DOWN ALL MASONRY.



A TWO-FOOT DEPOSIT OF SAND AND WATER COVERING A FIELD OF GRAM AND LINSEED; AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, A CROP OF SUGAR CANE CHOKED FROM THE ROOTS UP: DAMAGE TYPICAL OF THAT WHICH HAS RUINED AN AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.

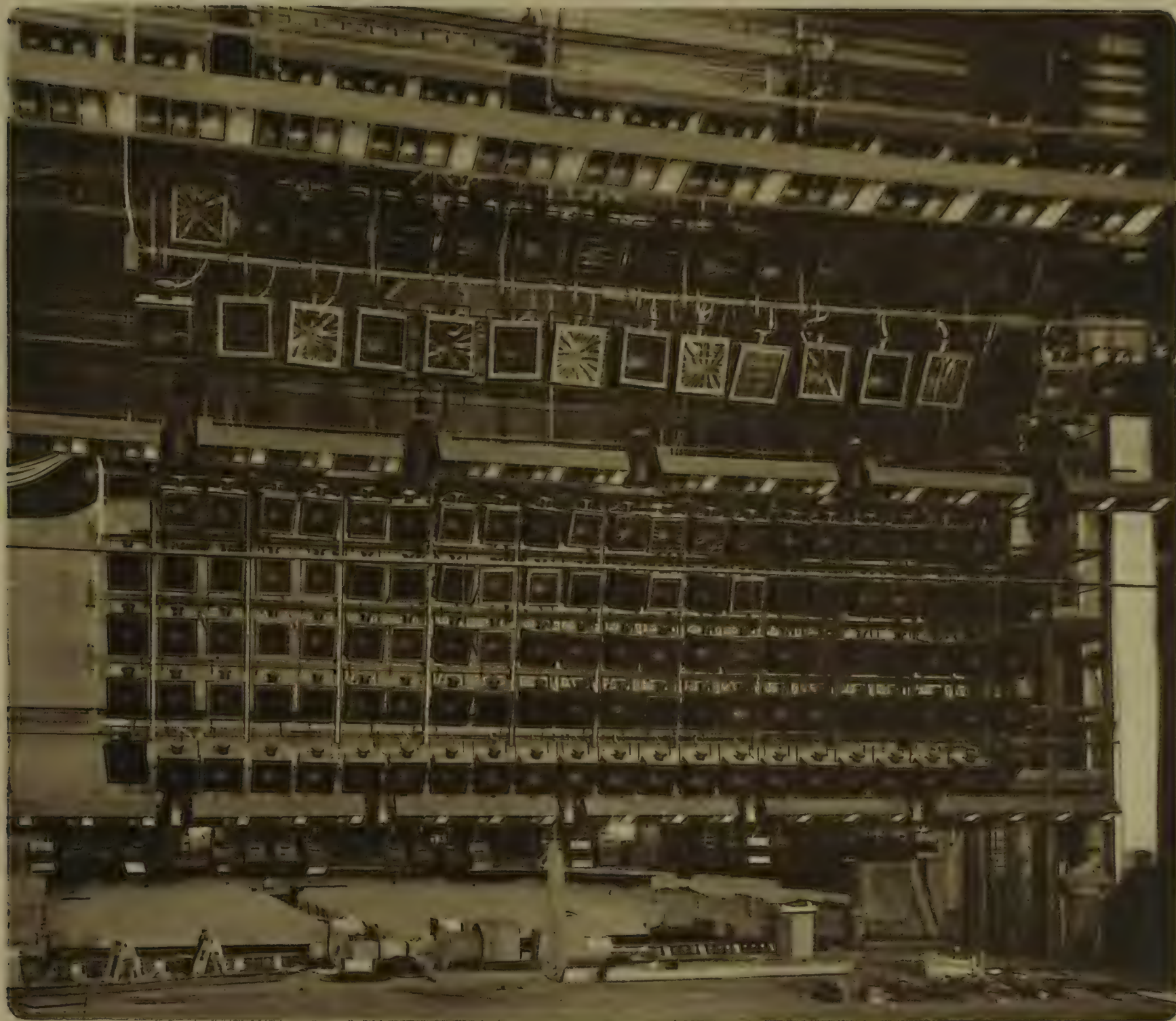


A GEYSER, ABOUT TWELVE FEET IN DIAMETER AND OF UNKNOWN DEPTH, WHICH FOR SEVENTEEN DAYS BELCHED FORTH SAND AND COVERED ELEVEN ACRES OF CROPS WITH IT; TAKEN THIRTY-SEVEN DAYS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

There was great loss of life in the January earthquake in Bihar; but this loss must be considered almost negligible compared with the distress and damage to property which the earthquake caused. The devastation in city and town has been fully illustrated in these pages and elsewhere, but a worse fate attends a vast rural population whose well-being depends on its arable land. Over an area of about 11,000 square miles, in North Bihar, where there is a population of 600 per square mile, the whole countryside has been transformed. Enormous fissures have rent the surface for miles and from these vast quantities of sand and water have been belched up, making the land appear like a desert or a great river-bed. Thousands of acres of crops now lie beneath two feet of sand and water which have no outlet, since the streams which drained the country are

silted up. Wells and tanks which provided essential drinking water for men and cattle are also silted up, and the water level has been altered by subsoil water flowing over their tops. The raising and lowering of water levels is thought to be extensive, and there is grave danger of severe flooding when the rains come. The European planters are suffering much. Bihar used to have a prosperous indigo industry, but since the decline of indigo many of the surviving planters have been precariously growing sugar cane. Their crops cannot now be cleared, since the sugar mills are wrecked, and their bungalows are level with the ground. Many can never rebuild, unless helped by loans. Government has indeed been set a formidable task of reconstruction, for North Bihar, a former "garden of India," has met with a disaster unsurpassed in modern times.

A CYCLORAMA LIT BY A BANK OF 150 LANTERNS FOR THE OPERA.



MASSED ELECTRIC LANTERNS FOR THE PROJECTION OF LIGHTS OF ANY SHADE ON TO A CYCLORAMA—FOR BACKGROUND SCENIC EFFECTS IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, now boasts a new all-British lighting equipment made for it by the Strand Electric and Engineering Company. The photograph above (taken from the back of the stage) shows rows of the electric lanterns which project colour-effects on to a huge, curved background-sheet, or cyclorama. One hundred and fifty lanterns are grouped to project shades produced by the mixing of blue, red, and red-and-green, which is done by one man working at a single panel.



THE CONTROL-PANEL (WORKED BY ONE MAN) WHICH ACTUATES THE UNDERSTAGE DIMMING APPARATUS THAT MIXES THE COLOURED LIGHTS FOR THE CYCLORAMA.



A STAGE SETTING FOR "DIE WALKÜRE": THE BACKGROUND IS THE CURVED CYCLORAMA ON TO WHICH COLOUR-EFFECTS ARE PROJECTED BY THE LANTERNS SHOWN ABOVE.

The whole of the stage lighting in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, has been replaced by a new and unique system, and the apparatus is a triumph for British craftsmanship and design, every piece of it having been manufactured in this country. The Opera House, in fact, now has the best and biggest lighting equipment of any of our theatres—the equal of that in any of the big Continental opera houses. A huge cyclorama, the largest in Britain, has been installed; and it embraces the whole stage, from floor to roof. It is a curved background on to which lighting is so projected that it gives various coloured sky- and cloud-effects. It is mounted on a special rail; is motor-driven; and when not required can be stored out of the way. To light this cyclorama, a bank of 1000-watt lanterns, 150 in number, has been installed on a special counterweight gear. These lanterns each project one of three colours; and any shade of colour required—from a brilliant blue sky to a sunset—can be obtained by mixing the colours with the aid of the dimming apparatus. In addition, lantern slides of appropriate scenic effects may be projected by separate lanterns.

By Courtesy of "Electrical Engineering."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A NEW BRITISH GLIDING DISTANCE RECORD CLAIMED: THE GLIDER IN WHICH MR. G. E. COLLINS FLEW NEARLY SIXTY MILES.

Mr. G. E. Collins, of the London Gliding Club, who made a gliding flight of nearly sixty miles on April 22, claims to have broken the British distance gliding record. The details had not been officially confirmed at the time of our going to press. Mr. Collins left Dunstable at 11.30 and landed near Southend soon after 2. He attained a height of 4200 ft., which is also claimed as a record. His glider had recently arrived from Germany. He learned to glide with the London Gliding Club, and is stated to be the only holder of a certificate who has never flown an aeroplane.



MR. K. O. PEPPIATT.

Appointed Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, in place of Mr. B. G. Cattermole, elected to the Court of Directors. His signature will now appear on Bank of England notes, which have borne Mr. Cattermole's signature since 1929.



SIR MAX MUSPRATT, BT.

A leading figure in the heavy chemical industry. Died April 20; aged sixty-two. Became a director of United Alkali Works, Liverpool, 1901; becoming Chairman, 1914. A director, Imperial Chemical Industries.



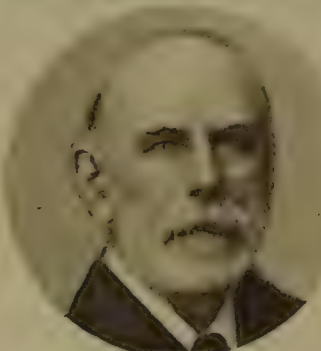
SIGNOR NUVOLARI.

The famous Italian racing driver who was injured in the Grand Prix Bordini at Alessandria, having both legs fractured; April 22. Heavy rain had rendered the track dangerous. Crashed into Varzi and was hurled down a steep bank.



MISS CONNIE EDISS.

The famous comedienne, who was associated, more particularly, with the old Gaiety Theatre. Died April 18; aged sixty-two. Played in many very popular musical comedies; and also in some straight comedies.



MR. C. J. LONGMAN.

The well-known publisher. Died April 17; aged eighty-two. Second son of the late William Longman, who controlled the firm with Thomas Longman "IV." Succeeded his father 1877. Personally responsible for the "Badminton Library" and other well-known series.



MR. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

Elected M.P. (Conservative) in the by-election at Basingstoke (caused by the retirement of Lord Lynton); on April 20. Majority over Liberal candidate, 6885; some 2000 greater than the 1929 majority (as against 17,417 in 1931).



AN HEIR BORN TO THE JAPANESE THRONE: THE BABY PRINCE AKIHITO.

The Japanese Crown Prince was born last December. He is the heir to the throne, although he has elder sisters. He was named Akihito Tsugunomiya—the name implying aspirations to become an enlightened and benevolent man, and the title being that of a Prince of the succession. The official festivities began in February.



LIFEBOATMEN DECORATED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: SEVEN RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS FOR GALLANTRY; AND MRS. PATTON, WHO RECEIVED THE MEDAL AWARDED TO HER HUSBAND.

The Prince of Wales presided at the annual meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, in the Central Hall, Westminster, on April 20. A number of lifeboatmen received awards won for exceptional gallantry; and Mrs. Patton, of Runswick, Yorks, was handed the gold medal (the lifeboatman's "V.C.") won by her husband, Coxswain Patton. The men seen here are (left to right) Coxswain H. Blogg, of Cromer; Second-Coxswain G. Balls, Cromer; Coxswain W. Fleming, Great Yarmouth; Acting-Coxswain H. Barrett, St. Mary's, Scilly Islands; Coxswain Reay, Maryport, Cumberland; and Coxswain J. H. Pead, Aldeburgh.



THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE FIRST EARL OF YPRES DEAD: THE LATE COUNTESS OF YPRES.

Died April 21. She married Captain J. R. L. French, R.A., eldest son of Sir John French (Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F. until December 1915), in 1916. Her husband became second Earl in 1925.



THE FASCIST DEMONSTRATION AT THE ALBERT HALL: SIR OSWALD MOSLEY SPEAKING.

The Albert Hall was practically full for the Fascist demonstration on April 22. After a procession of Blackshirt standard-bearers had marched across the central aisle, Sir Oswald Mosley entered and marched across the hall in the beam of a dazzling spotlight. He then made his speech. Several hundred police, in addition to plain-clothes detectives, stood by near the hall.



A GREAT RACING MOTORIST IN THE STOKEHOLD!—SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR THE WORK, ON BOARD THE "WINDSOR CASTLE."

Sir Malcolm Campbell, the famous racing motorist, was among the volunteers to relieve stokers in the liner "Windsor Castle," in which Prince George returned home. Several of the stokers were overcome by the heat in the Tropics. Sir Malcolm, it may be recalled, was returning home from his hunt for gold in the Namib Desert, in South-West Africa. Gold-bearing reefs were found, covered by great sand dunes. Prince George's return will be found described on page 651.



THE ITALIAN OFFICIAL VISIT TO LONDON: SIGNOR SUVICH, WHO DISCUSSED DISARMAMENT.

Signor Suvich, Under-Secretary at the Italian Ministry for Foreign Affairs, arrived in London on April 22, for a three-days' visit for consultations with British Ministers. It was understood that he would discuss the Disarmament deadlock. Other topics likely to arise were the Central European situation and the question of Japanese Concessions in Abyssinia.

THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM AND HIS COMMONER EMPRESS.

THE WEST AND THE EAST IN ALLIANCE IN INDO-CHINA.



THE EMPRESS OF ANNAM, DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY COMMONER OF SAIGON, IN FULL ANNAMESSE DRESS.



THE EMPRESS OF ANNAM IN COURT COSTUME — WEARING A CEREMONIAL DRESS OF HER HUSBAND'S COUNTRY.



THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM IN WESTERN DRESS, WHICH HE MUCH FAVOURS, ALTHOUGH HE CONFORMS TO HIS COUNTRY'S CUSTOMS.



THE EMPRESS IN ANNAMESSE DRESS AS SHE LEFT THE PALACE SET APART FOR HER IN HUÉ BEFORE HER WEDDING, IN ORDER TO BE CONDUCTED TO THE PALACE OF DUONG TAM.

As we have had occasion to note in previous issues, the marriage of his Majesty the Emperor Bao Dai of Annam and Miss Mariette Jeanne Nguyen Huu Hao took place at Hué on March 24, and was the chief rite of ceremonies that lasted for four days. The Emperor is twenty-one. The Empress, daughter of a wealthy commoner of Saigon, is nineteen. They met when studying in Paris. Both the Emperor and the Empress are essentially modern in their tastes, although, of course, due deference is paid to the customs of their country. In the official



THE EMPRESS IN WESTERN EVENING DRESS—AS HER HUSBAND PUT IT IN HIS BETROTHAL ANNOUNCEMENT, "COMBINING IN HER PERSON THE GRACE OF THE OCCIDENT AND THE CHARMS OF THE ORIENT."

proclamation announcing his betrothal, the Emperor said: "The future Queen, raised in France, like myself, combines in her person the grace of the Occident and the charms of the Orient." To which may be added the interesting point that the Vatican granted a dispensation for the marriage, the bride being a Roman Catholic, while the Emperor is a Buddhist. It was further arranged that there should be a Roman Catholic ceremony and also a civil ceremony, the latter necessary because the Empress's family are French citizens.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK : NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A MOTOR-CAR FERRYING ITSELF ACROSS A LAKE: A NEW BAVARIAN INVENTION IN WHICH CARS PROVIDE THEIR OWN POWER FOR WATER TRANSPORT.

At Utting, a town on Lake Ammer, in Bavaria, an ingenious device has been invented and successfully tested whereby a car, crossing the lake by ferry, can utilise its own power. The car enters the ferry over strong wooden rails, which are then taken aboard, and stands with its back wheels resting on rollers. The rollers are connected with the paddles of the ferry, and these are set in motion as the car is driven.



THE RETURN OF THE MONSTER? A PHOTOGRAPH OF A STRANGE MOVING OBJECT IN LOCH NESS, TAKEN BY MR. R. K. WILSON AT A RANGE OF UNDER 200 YARDS—A QUARTER-PLATE SNAPSHOT AS TAKEN; NOT RETOUCED.

A London surgeon, Mr. R. K. Wilson, having noticed an object moving in the water, took this photograph on April 19 from the shore of Loch Ness near Invermoriston. Zoologists to whom it was submitted were of the opinion that it did not represent any bird, animal, or fish known to frequent British waters; but a later suggestion was that the apparent head and neck were really the high dorsal fin of a partly submerged killer-whale.



CAPE TOWN'S FOUNDER HONOURED: JAN VAN RIEBEECK'S RECONSTRUCTED TOMBSTONE.

On April 7, 1652, Jan van Riebeeck landed at the Cape of Good Hope and founded the city of Cape Town; and the annual ceremonies in his honour were marked this year by the presentation of his reconstructed tombstone by the Batavian Government to the Union of South Africa. The tombstone is of granite and measures approximately 8 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 5 in. It is seven inches thick.



AMERICA'S "PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1" IN A NEW AFFRAY: THE ESCAPED DESPERADO, JOHN DILLINGER.

John Dillinger, who recently bluffed his way out of prison with a dummy revolver and escaped in the woman Governor's car, was nearly rounded up, with three of his gang, at an inn in the Northern Wisconsin woods on the night of April 22. The men escaped after a battle with the police in which three Federal agents were killed and three wounded.



A HANDSHAKE ON A GIGANTIC SCALE: A VAST REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF HERR HITLER AND PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG.



A NEW TOWN FOUNDED IN THE OLD PONTINE MARSHES: THE FORMAL INAUGURATION OF SABAUDIA BY THE KING OF ITALY.

The King and Queen of Italy were present at the formal inauguration, on April 15, of the new town of Sabaudia, built, like its prototype Littoria, under the Pontine land reclamation scheme. The town's foundation-stone was laid by Signor Mussolini eight months ago, and since then all the official buildings and public services have been completed, while dwelling-houses are now well under way. Sabaudia is to have its own port near the legendary home of Circe.



THE LAUNCHING OF AN ITALIAN WAR-SHIP: THE "MAESTRALE," TORPEDO-CHASER, TAKES THE WATER AT ANCONA.

This photograph gives an excellent idea of the new Italian *esca-torpediniere* "Maestrale" as she was being launched recently at Ancona. She is the first of four of her class, ordered in 1931, and having a displacement of 1449 tons and a speed of 38 knots. Two more Italian war-ships, a 7000-ton cruiser and a 1500-ton destroyer, were to be launched in April, and four 5000-ton cruisers later in the year.

Rare Tapestries to Change Owners: Hunting Scenes; an Altar Frontal.

BY GENTLEMAN OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO., 15, NEW BOND STREET, W.1



SCENES OF OLD-TIME SPORT AND COUNTRY HOUSE ARCHITECTURE REPRESENTED IN A DELIGHTFUL TAPESTRY WHICH IS ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER: THE "STONE HOUSE" SHELDON BED VALANCE—A CONTINUOUS PANEL (SHOWN HERE IN TWO SECTIONS JOINING AT THE RIGHT-HAND END OF THE UPPER ONE AND THE LEFT END OF THE LOWER) REPRESENTING A BOAR-HUNT AND THE CHASE OF A HARE.



A FLEMISH FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY ALTAR FRONTAL, POSSIBLY CAPTURED FROM CHARLES THE RASH AFTER THE BATTLE OF GRANDISON: A GROUP REPRESENTING THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. ANNE (SECOND FROM LEFT) ATTENDED BY ST. BARBARA (RIGHT) AND ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA; WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN (EXTREME LEFT); DATING FROM ABOUT 1470. (SIZE, 5 FT. 11 IN. BY 3 FT.)

These beautiful old tapestries will be included in a sale to be held at Sotheby's on May 11. The catalogue states: "The superb 'Stone House' Sheldon tapestry bed valance is made up of three parts, two 80 in. long, and one 56½ in. long, by 10 in. wide. The valance is woven with delightful hunting scenes, against a landscape studded with country mansions. The two longer panels terminate with vases and

baskets of fruit and flowers." The lower subject is described as "a magnificent Flemish fifteenth-century tapestry altar frontal, representing the Virgin and Child with St. Anne, St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Barbara, recalling the paintings of Roger van der Weyden. This frontal is believed to have among booty taken by the Swiss from Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, at the battle of Grandison, 1476."

A "Patchwork Quilt" of Flowers: The Great Spring Sight of Holland.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELM TOBIAS AND A. BOUTMENS (UPPER RIGHT). REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.



"NAVAL BATTLES ONCE RAGED WHERE NOW BLOOM THE HYACINTHS OF LISSE": BULB-GROWING ON A POLDER (DRAINED IN 1830-1851) FORMERLY COVERED BY THE WATERS OF THE HARLEMMERMEER, WHERE THE DUTCH "BEGGARS OF THE SEA" FOUGHT THE SPANIARDS LATE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—SHOWING A WINDMILL THAT PROVIDES POWER FOR PUMPING.



"TULIPS BURST FORTH IN SPLENDOR, ONLY TO YIELD TO THE SICKLE": A MAGNIFICENT FIELD OF SCARLET BLOSSOM IN THE BULB-GROWING DISTRICT OF HOLLAND, DESTINED TO BE MOWN DOWN AND USED AS FERTILISER FOR THE FLOWER BEDS, AS THE INTEREST OF THE DUTCH CULTIVATOR IS CENTRED MAINLY IN THE BULBS.

In April the bulb-growing region of Holland presents a wonderful sight; to be seen nowhere else, for the face of the land is changed into a sea of colour by a vast expanse of blossom—tulips and hyacinths, narcissi and daffodils. The area cultivated is about 15,000 acres, and forms the main source of the world's bulbs, which are exported to all parts. During this month many British visitors have availed themselves of special Sunday trips to Holland, proceeding by motor-coach to the bulb fields by way of Lisse and Hillegom. In a recent number of "The National Geographic Magazine," from which our illustrations come, Mr. Leo A. Borah contributes an interesting article on

the history of the tulip—"a 'made' flower of unknown origin that took medieval Europe by storm and caused a financial panic in the Netherlands." After describing the "tulip mania," which started in France in 1635 and quickly reached the Netherlands, and the extraordinary gambling in the bulb-growing trade, stopped by proclamation in 1636, the writer continues: "Despite all this furore, the tulip fanciers lost none of their enthusiasm. The fields around Haarlem and Leyden continued to glow just as they glow to this day. . . . English gardeners were not less enthusiastic than their fellows on the Continent, and in the *Tatler* for August 31, 1710, Joseph



"SEEN FROM ABOVE, THE TULIP FIELDS UNFOLD A PATCHWORK QUILT OF MANY HUES": A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE DUTCH BULB-GROWING REGION, WITH FLOWERS IN ENDLESS VARIETY OF COLOUR, A SEPARATE PLOT BEING ALLOTTED TO EACH HUE—A FIELD AS IT APPEARS BEFORE THE COLLECTION AND STORAGE OF THE BULBS.



"ARISTOCRATS OF THE BULB FIELDS WORK A MIRACLE OF BEAUTY": BLOSSOMS BEARING PROUD TITLES, SUCH AS "PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS," "KING HAROLD," AND "LOUIS XIV.," AND RECALLING THE TULIP MANIA THAT ONCE PREVAILED IN HOLLAND—A PAGEANT OF COLOUR THAT GREET'S THE TRAVELLER BETWEEN HAARLEM AND LEYDEN IN APRIL.

Addison chaffed them in an amusing letter." Regarding the present day, we read: "The second Sunday in April is usually Tulip Sunday at Haarlem, and on that day the tulip is king. For miles the fields of bright bloom smile under golden sunlight. To the air passenger the country must look like a gaudy patchwork quilt; for there is no mingling of colours in a bed, a separate plot being devoted to each hue. The growing of bulbs is on a commercial scale, and no attempt is made at artistic arrangement. Indeed, the flowers are mowed off ruthlessly and used as fertiliser on the beds. . . . Contrary to the supposition of Dumas' hero (in 'The Black Tulip'), Cornelius van

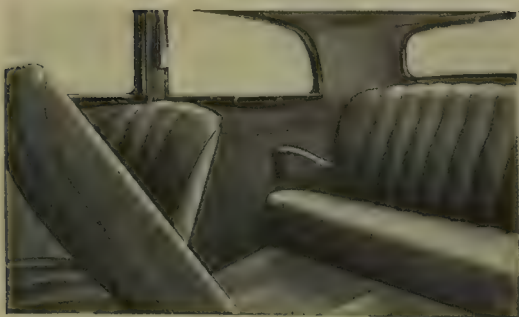
Baerle, tulips will grow almost anywhere, with proper care. . . . In the shade of Scrooby Church in England (near Worksop, Notts), a vast congregation of tulips nod. A one-time Vicar of that church was the father of William Brewster, who led the *Mayflower* pilgrimage. Perhaps . . . the tulip can boast that it 'came over in the *Mayflower*.' . . . Recently, we may add, there has been a great expansion of the British bulb-growing industry in Lincolnshire, especially at Spalding, where some 1500 workers are employed. Besides sending some 6000 tons of flowers to market every year, the district now produces annually many millions of bulbs.



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ROYALTY IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE: RECREATION; VISITS; A HOMECOMING.



THE KING TAKES RIDING EXERCISE: AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF HIS MAJESTY, MOUNTED ON A WHITE HORSE, AT OLD WINDSOR RECENTLY.

A week or two ago we had occasion to comment on the welcome fact that the King has of late been looking remarkably well. No doubt his fondness for outdoor exercise, of which this photograph affords a typical example, has a good deal to do with his keeping in good health. His Majesty is here seen out for a ride at Old Windsor a few days ago, mounted on a white horse of striking appearance. A terrier is seen running behind.



AUSTRIAN GIRLS IN PEASANT DRESS CURTSEYING TO THE PRINCE OF WALES: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT AS HE LEFT THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION.

The Prince of Wales visited the National Austrian Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, on April 20, with the Austrian Minister. Objects of particular interest were pointed out by Professor Holzmeister, one of the architects who designed the setting of the exhibits, and Dr. Ernst, Director of the Vienna Museum of Art and Industry, and he witnessed a performance of marionettes. (See page 661.) The Prince was presented with a dinner-set of porcelain and glass and six silver candlesticks, all specially made in Austria and decorated with his crest.



THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH (JUST EIGHT YEARS OLD), IN A LILLIPUTIAN SETTING: ROYAL VISITORS IN A MODEL VILLAGE AT BEAONSFIELD.

Princess Elizabeth, who celebrated her eighth birthday (April 21) at Windsor Castle, was taken by the Queen on the previous day to see an interesting model of a village and railway at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. This toy village, called Bekonscot (the name seen on the station building in the right foreground), belongs to Mr. R. Callingham, a London accountant, and covers about 1000 square yards in his garden. It includes an hotel, and a church with a real organ. The miniature railway is 1200 ft. long.



A ROYAL TRAVELLER SINCE MADE A G.C.M.G.: PRINCE GEORGE DESCENDING THE GANGWAY OF THE "WINDSOR CASTLE" ON HIS ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON FROM HIS TOUR IN SOUTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA.



A ROYAL EXAMPLE OF AIRMINDEDNESS: PRINCE GEORGE, AFTER DISEMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON, ENTERING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S AEROPLANE WHICH WAS SENT TO BRING HIM TO WINDSOR.

Prince George arrived at Southampton, appropriately enough, on St. George's Day (April 23), on his return from his 4000-mile tour in South and Central Africa, various incidents of which have been illustrated from time to time in our pages. He joined the "Windsor Castle" at Lobito Bay, where the ship made a special call for him. At the end of the voyage the second-class passengers made a presentation to the Prince as a memento of his tour. He brought back many other souvenirs, including elephant tusks, assegais, and a large diamond. The Prince of Wales sent one of his own aeroplanes to Southampton, and in it Prince George flew to Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, where his brother met him. It was announced later that the King had invested Prince George with the insignia of a G.C.M.G.

RELICS FROM THE PAST OF CURRENT INTEREST: A PAGE OF ANTIQUITIES—FROM ITALY AND ENGLAND.



IMPROVEMENTS BEING UNDERTAKEN AT THE FAMOUS CASTEL SANT' ANGELO, ROME: THE FORMER PAPAL FORTRESS, NOW TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH A GREAT PUBLIC PARK.

We illustrated recent improvements at the Castel Sant' Angelo, in Rome, in our issue of March 10. "A big public park is being constructed round the castle," writes a correspondent. "A line of old ramparts has come to light in the course of the excavations." The castle was originally the tomb erected by the Emperor Hadrian for himself and his successors. It was afterwards converted into a fortress. Gregory the Great, while conducting a procession to pray for the cessation of the plague then raging, beheld the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword over the summit; and built the chapel of Sanctus Angelus inter Nubes.



SHOWN TO BOY SCOUTS AS AN EMBLEM OF CHIVALRY: EDWARD III.'S SWORD IN ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.

At the service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, attended by Boy Scouts on April 22 (noted on our front page), the Dean of Windsor gave an address, holding the sword hung in the Chapel by Edward III. nearly 600 years ago. It indicated, the Dean said, that the soldier's greatest glory was moral character. The laws of chivalry resembled Scout Law. This sword was a symbol that the Christian life must be an active struggle against evil.



AN ANCIENT ROMAN HUSKING MACHINE, TO SEPARATE CORN FROM BRAN: A *PILUM TUSCUM GRÆCUM* EXHIBITED AT NAPLES.



AN ANCIENT ROMAN COUNTERPANE OF THE MODERN BOILER: A STOVE AND A WATER-HEATER ON A TRIPOD.



AN INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH THE ROMAN SURVEYOR AND ARCHITECT WORKED: A *GROMA*, OR SET-SQUARE.



IN THE ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY AND MECHANICS WING OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM: AN *EPISTOMIUM*, OR TAP, FROM THE AQUEDUCT AT PONZA.

Exhibits in the wing of the Naples Museum devoted to Ancient Technology and Mechanics were illustrated in our issue of September 23, 1933. We here give further additions to this uncommonly interesting collection, which makes it possible to form quite an accurate idea of the domestic and commercial life of the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, whence the exhibits are drawn. This section has been organised by the Director of the Museum, Professor Maiuri, aided by Cavaliere Luigi Iacono. The Neapolitan collection of mechanical appliances is unique in that



APPARATUS USED IN ITALY BOTH IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES: A *MOLA ASINARIA*—A ROMAN OLIVE-PRESS OF THE TYPE WORKED BY A DONKEY.

most of them are actual relics of the past, discovered at Pompeii or Herculaneum, with missing parts completed in wood and shown in operation just as they were used some 2000 or more years ago. Only a few are models reconstructed from the originals, which, being too bulky for convenient transport, were left in the actual house, shop, or factory on the site where they were found. It is interesting to note that the *pilum tuscum Græcum*, which was discovered in a suburban villa at Pompeii, has elucidated obscure passages in Pliny and Plautus.

N.B.—We are not illustrating in this number the current Treasure of the Week at the Victoria and Albert Museum—a sixteenth-century Persian carpet—as we feel that, without colour, its beauty could not be adequately conveyed.

PETER SCOTT PICTURES: A GREAT ANTARCTIC EXPLORER'S SON AS PAINTER.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE ACKERMANN GALLERY, 157, NEW BOND STREET. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"MALLARDS ASLEEP ON WET MUD."



"PINK-FOOTED GEESE WITH THE DEVIL BEHIND THEM."

THERE is a personal, as well as a purely artistic, interest about the paintings of wild fowl, by Mr. Peter Scott, which are on exhibition at Messrs. Ackermann's, for the artist is the son of the late Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the famous Antarctic explorer—who, with four companions, reached the South Pole on January 18, 1912, only to find that he had been forestalled by Amundsen, and to die on the return journey—and of Lady Hilton Young, wife of the Minister of Health, herself a distinguished sculptor. Opening the Exhibition, Mr. John Buchan said that the artist, like his father, was a great explorer: he explored, not the remote lands, but the secrets of our own countryside, and brought both science and art to the interpretation of the wild life of Britain.



"WHEN THE GUN MISFIRED! WIDGEON."



"PINK-FOOTED GEESE CLOSE TO."



"BRENTS IN DIRTY WEATHER."

NEWS OF THE WEEK: A RESCUE; SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY; REHOUSING.



A DRAMATIC RESCUE IN THE CHANNEL RENDERED POSSIBLE BY AN AIR PILOT:
THE STEAMER "ARIZPA" APPROACHING THE HELPLESS YACHT "CORMORANT."

A dramatic rescue of a yacht in distress took place off the Isle of Wight on April 22, having been made possible by the vigilance of an airman. At mid-day Flight-Lieutenant Eckersley Maslin, piloting a Jersey Airways passenger machine from Jersey to Heston, noticed a yacht in the Channel flying distress signals. He at once dropped as low as possible and, seeing the yacht was in trouble, flew to the American steamer "Arizpa" in the distance, and made her understand



THE "ARIZPA" GIVING A TOW TO THE "CORMORANT": THE BIG AMERICAN STEAMER
TAKING THE SMALL YACHT TOWARDS VENTNOR.

that her help was needed. He then flew back to the yacht, signalled to the people on board, continued his flight to Heston, and notified the Admiralty. Meanwhile the "Arizpa" (5437 tons) took the yacht in tow towards Ventnor, and a tug later towed her to Sandown Bay. She turned out to be Sir Louis Dane's 24-ton "Cormorant," chartered to Mr. W. Browne, with a party of five on board. Her engines had stopped and she was leaking.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT STRATFORD: A DISTINGUISHED COMPANY
LEAVING BRIDGE STREET AFTER THE UNFURLING OF THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS.

Shakespeare's birthday, which is also St. George's Day, was celebrated as usual at Stratford-on-Avon on April 23. At dawn the bells were rung at the Church of Holy Trinity, where Shakespeare was buried; and at noon the flags of the nations, about eighty in number and including this year the Nazi Swastika, were unfurled. There followed the pilgrimage through the town to the birthplace and thence to the tomb. A number of distinguished people attended.



A BLOCK OF NEW FLATS DEDICATED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY:
THE PRIMATE CONDUCTING THE CEREMONY AT SOMERS TOWN.

The Archbishop of Canterbury visited Somers Town on April 23, and there dedicated the St. Nicholas Flats, a new block erected by the St. Pancras House Improvement Society. The dwellings will house forty-seven families. The Archbishop compared the maiden rescued by St. George to England, suffering to-day from the danger of the great dragon of the slums. He said that for ten years this society had been putting right a great human wrong.

THE RE-FOUND LOTTO: A ROMANTIC LONDON DISCOVERY; AND OTHER PICTURES BY THE SAME MASTER.



1. LATELY DISCOVERED IN A LONDON HOUSE AFTER BEING LOST MANY YEARS, AND NOW TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE: AN ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE BY LORENZO LOTTO (1480—1556) CONTAINING A SEA-MONSTER (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND) REMINISCENT OF LOCH NESS!



3. LORENZO LOTTO'S HIGHEST TRIUMPH IN THE AUCTION-ROOM: HIS PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA, PURCHASED FOR 22,000 GUINEAS IN 1927 AND PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



4. ANOTHER EXAMPLE BY THE SAME ITALIAN MASTER WHICH IS AMONG THE TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN LONDON: "A FAMILY GROUP," BY LORENZO LOTTO.



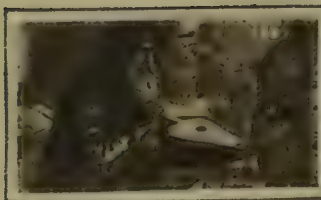
2. A DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN TRAGEDY, BY THE FAMOUS VENETIAN PAINTER WHOSE MISSING ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE (ABOVE) LATELY CAME TO LIGHT: "THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN," BY LORENZO LOTTO, IN THE CARRARA GALLERY AT BERGAMO.



5. ALSO AMONG THE ITALIAN PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE PROTONOTARY APOSTOLIC GIULIANO," BY LORENZO LOTTO.

Great interest was aroused in the art world recently by the news that an important painting by Lorenzo Lotto (1480—1556), the celebrated Venetian master, had been discovered in London under romantic circumstances, after having been lost for many years, and that it will be offered for sale at Sotheby's on May 9. The picture measures 22 in. by 16½ in., and has on the back a label indicating its date as 1505. It is an allegorical landscape, executed in honour of the artist's patron, Cardinal Bernardino de Rossi, whose arms appear on the shield in the foreground. In 1803, the picture was at Parma, and it afterwards belonged to the painter Giacomo Gritti, of Bergamo. Some years before his death (in 1891) it was sent to London, but nothing more had since been heard of it. The discovery was made by Dr. Tancred Borenius, Professor of Art History at University College, while examining a small collection

of Italian pictures as art adviser to Sotheby's. It was in a dark corner of the house, for the owner was quite unaware of its value. Dr. Borenius recalls that thirty years ago he wrote much about Lorenzo Lotto, and remembered vividly a description of the missing picture. "It is [he explains] one of Lotto's small allegorical landscapes with a satyr and another figure in the foreground, and beyond is a stretch of water in which is vaguely discerned a sea-monster, possibly of the Loch Ness variety, plunging about." Lorenzo Lotto's work is now greatly prized by collectors. His portrait of a lady as Lucretia was bought for 22,000 guineas in 1927, at the Holford sale, and, chiefly by the munificence of the Benson family, was presented to the National Gallery, which has three other examples of his art. Lord Conway possesses an early Lotto of an allegorical type, and there is another in the Louvre.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MONKEYS' TAILS: AN "INDEX TO THEIR MODE OF LIFE."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of my correspondents wrote to me, a little while ago, asking whether I could tell him why some monkeys had tails and others had not; and why only some of these tails could be used as a grip. These

is, however, not true, I may be told, of trees and flowers, which can have no "habits." This, is, indeed so; but the fact draws attention to another factor—"habitat," the place where the life's course has to be run. But here we get back to where we started. When we say "habit precedes structure," we mean that the body can, and does, adjust itself to the conditions of life imposed upon it, either as the result of choice, or of force of circumstances, as with the plants.

Sometimes this relationship leaps to the eyes, as in the case of the mole or the whale; in others it is too subtle to be clearly perceived; we have to interpret, at least very largely, by inference. This matter of tails may serve as an example. Only by much more detailed studies of the macaque-monkeys than have yet been made shall we be able to interpret the anomalies they present in this matter of their tails. For in this group, and the baboons, we find some species with conspicuously long tails, some in which it is of but medium length, others in which it is reduced to a mere stump or is wanting. The key to the solution of these differences is furnished by the anubis baboon, which has but the stump of a tail and haunts regions remote from trees.

When we turn to the long-tailed monkeys of the New World, we find some extremely interesting facts. For in some, like the "spider-monkeys," the tail has acquired a prehensile tip, so that it can be twisted round the branches of trees. A delicate sense of touch and great muscular strength have been added to this

an unusually sensitive sense of touch which brought an automatic response, tending more and more to embrace the object touched. When the long-tailed South American monkeys are compared with the tailless gibbons of India and the Malay regions, which are also tree-dwellers, some significant facts become apparent. For the gibbons have developed a method of their own in passing from tree to tree, having exchanged the tail for arms of enormous length. A gibbon like the Sumatran siamang gibbon, standing 3 ft. high—the largest of his tribe—has a span across the arms of 5 ft. 6 in. They take tremendous leaps, and never fail to catch a secure hold at the end of a leap. They have no need of a long tail to serve as a balancing-pole.

The gibbons, it should be remembered, are the smallest and most agile of the man-like apes. And they can walk upright with more ease and grace than their larger relatives, for they do not need the aid of the arms, which are held up, bent at the elbows, when walking, though occasionally used as we use the banisters in walking upstairs. When the feet and hands of the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan, and gibbon are compared, many interesting differences become apparent. And these can be traced either to the greater weight of the body or to the relative time spent in the trees.

The orang is intensively a tree-dweller. Hence the enormous length of the hand and the great, curved fingers. The foot also has become a grasping rather than a walking foot. The great bulk of the gorilla keeps him to the largest and strongest boughs when climbing, and generally compels him to come to the ground when desirous of passing to another tree. His arms, like those of the gibbons, reach to the ankles. But it walks on all-fours. The body is then in a semi-erect position, with the knuckles bent back on the hand to serve as a support for the forepart of the body. And the same is true of the chimpanzee. The foot of the gorilla is relatively shorter than that of the chimpanzee, and has a much wider sole, while the big toe is placed nearer to the bases of the other toes; and in both these animals it is held nearly at right-angles to the long axis of the foot. The tail of the monkey, then, is no mere "whim of Nature," but an index to its mode of life. It is just as long as the need required of it. As that need declines its length is reduced, till at last it vanishes, like the smile of the Cheshire Cat!



A TAIL-LESS, ARBOREAL, MAN-LIKE APE WITH ARMS OF GREAT LENGTH: THE SIAMANG GIBBON, THE LARGEST OF ITS TRIBE, WHICH WALKS UPRIGHT, HOLDING THE ARMS UP, BENT AT THE ELBOWS.

Unlike most other tree-dwelling species of monkey, the Gibbons have no tail. They may, in fact, be said to have exchanged a tail for arms of enormous length. The span of a Siamang Gibbon across the arms may measure as much as 5 ft. 6 in. Thus equipped, they take tremendous leaps through the trees and have no need of a long tail to serve as a balancing-pole or as a "fifth hand."

are questions more easily asked than answered. But they raise a number of extremely interesting aspects of the agencies which mould the several types into which our distant kinsmen, the apes, split up in the course of their development. We trace this early history back to those most interesting animals, the lemurs. This is not to say that the apes were descended from lemurs such as we know to-day, but from a more primitive stock which, in the course of its unfolding, gave rise on the one hand to lemurs, and on the other to the apes. In like manner we ourselves came into being, not from any of the "man-like apes" which we know to-day, but from some much less specialised stock, which split up on the one hand into nascent apes, and on the other into nascent men.

And now, as touching the monkey's tail. This appendage is an inheritance from that lemurine ancestral stock of which I spoke. These creatures were, like their descendants, tree-dwellers of very active habits. And to them a tail was, and is, no mere "appendage," but a vital part of their being, since it seems to serve as a balancing-pole in taking flying leaps from tree to tree, as lemurs and monkeys commonly do. That this is not just a piece of guess-work is shown by the fact that there are some lemurs and some monkeys which have no tails, and these are either of very sluggish habits, such as the lorises among the lemurs, or they have migrated from the great forests to scrub-country or amid rocks, where trees, if present, are isolated. The man-like apes—gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang-utan—lost their tails when they attained to a bulk too great to make flying leaps through the air possible. Here, indeed, as in all the rest of the animal kingdom, the body is moulded by the mode of life. There is an intimate relationship between the two. Habit precedes structure; it is a tremendous moulding force. It



A TREE-DWELLING APE IN WHICH THE CONSPICUOUSLY LONG TAIL HAS ACQUIRED PREHENSILE POWERS: THE RED-FACED SPIDER MONKEY (*ATELUS PANISCEUS*) WHICH SHARES THIS CHARACTERISTIC WITH THE SAPAJOUS AND HOWLER MONKEYS—ALL TO BE FOUND IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Only the monkeys of South America have the ability to suspend the body from the branch of a tree by the tail. But there are many species of New-World monkeys wherein the tail, though long, is not prehensile.

Photographs by D. Seth-Smith.

flexibility. For the under-surface of the end of the tail is naked, and as sensitive to touch as the human finger; while its strength, conferred by long tendons, is such that the whole body can be suspended by its grip, leaving the owner hanging head-downwards, with both hands free to secure either food otherwise out of reach or a new "foothold." Why is it that only some of the New World long-tailed monkeys have attained to this "fifth hand"? And how was this sensitiveness attained?

The spider-monkeys, however, are by no means the only "tail-twisters" in the animal kingdom. Species not even remotely related have contrived to use their tails after this fashion. There is the kinkajou among the carnivores, the cuscus and the opossum among the marsupials, and the harvest-mouse and the tree-porcupine among the rodents, for example; though in the two last the power of prehension is only partial, showing us prehensile tails "in the making." Besides these, we have the chameleon among the reptiles, and the sea-horse among the fishes. In all these cases there must have been a long tail to start with, and it may be that the prehensile tail arose because in such individuals it had



AN ARBOREAL APE, WITH A STRIKINGLY LONG, BUT NOT PREHENSILE, TAIL: THE CAPPED LANGUR OF INDIA AND NORTH-EAST BURMA; SEEN HOLDING ITS SEVEN-DAYS-OLD YOUNGSTER.

Little seems to be known of the capped Langur in its wild state; but other members of the tribe frequent dense forests and bamboo jungles. All have relatively long tails.

NATURE'S UNKINDEST "CARICATURE OF MAN": A LONG-NOSED MONKEY.

ARTICLE AND COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROF. W. E. LE GROS CLARK, F.R.C.S., PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY, ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL; RECENTLY APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF HUMAN ANATOMY AT OXFORD.



A MALE PROBOSCIS MONKEY (*NASALIS LARVATUS*) OF BORNEO: A VIEW SHOWING THE GROTESQUE FACE AND PART OF THE ENORMOUS PAUNCH, DUE TO THE LARGE AMOUNT OF VEGETARIAN FOOD IT NEEDS FOR NOURISHMENT.

ALL monkeys excite our attention and curiosity because of their absurdly human appearance and behaviour. None of them presents so grotesque and unseemly a caricature of Man as the Proboscis or Long-nosed Monkey. This animal is not to be seen in Zoological Gardens. It is so delicate that it has never yet survived attempts to remove it from its native land. The Proboscis Monkey (*Nasalis larvatus*) is only found in Borneo, and it owes its name to the peculiar development of its nose. In the adult males this is produced into a large projecting proboscis overhanging the nostrils. In the female and in young animals of both sexes, the nose is much smaller and slightly turned up, so that it has a "retroussé" appearance. No explanation has been given for this curious structure. It cannot be strictly compared with the human



A "FOREIGNER" TO THE MALAYS BECAUSE OF ITS AQUILINE NOSE: THE PROBOSCIS MONKEY—A MALE OF A SPECIES NEVER BROUGHT ALIVE OUT OF ITS NATIVE LAND OR SEEN IN ANY "ZOO."

monkeys. Proboscis monkeys are fairly large animals, the largest specimens reaching almost four stone in weight. They are not really uncommon in certain parts of Sarawak, but, since they are usually to be found in the tangled jungle of mangrove swamps along the banks of rivers, they are not easily accessible to the naturalist. They are unusually good swimmers and divers, and thus can readily cross the streams and rivers which intersect their swampy home. The males are very aggressive when attacked, and their powerful jaws and strong teeth make them rather formidable. The female monkey, whose photograph is here reproduced, I kept in captivity for a few months. She was quite a gentle animal and appeared to me to be a good deal more intelligent than the other kinds of monkey which I kept as pets during my residence in Borneo. In spite of all care, she eventually developed symptoms of scurvy, showing that I was not providing her with her proper diet. As soon as this happened, I endeavoured to persuade her to return to her home in the jungle. Unfortunately, however, she had by this time become too affectionately disposed toward me and refused to take her liberty, so that she died shortly afterwards. There is only one other monkey which in any way closely resembles the Proboscis Monkey. This is the Snub-nosed Monkey (*Rhinopithecus*), which lives in Tibet. (See "The Illustrated London News" of January 31, 1931.) The nose in this animal is quite small, resembling in its proportions that of the young *Nasalis*.

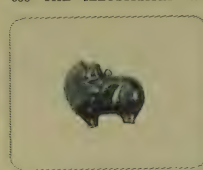


THE JUNGLE WHERE THE MALE PROBOSCIS MONKEY SHOWN ABOVE WAS OBTAINED, IN BORNEO, THE ONLY COUNTRY IN WHICH THIS SPECIES OCCURS: TROPICAL VEGETATION BESIDE THE KUCHING RIVER, SARAWAK.

nose, for it has no skeleton of bone and cartilage to support it as in Man. It is not prehensile or used as a tactile organ, like the proboscis of animals such as shrews and tapirs. The Malays call the Proboscis Monkey "Orang blanda," meaning "foreigner," doubtless because to them the aquiline nose of the European gives a striking and obtrusive contrast to their own flat noses. The grotesque appearance of the Proboscis Monkey is not confined to its face. These animals are vegetarians, and live very largely on the young shoots and leaves of the Pedada tree (*Sonneratia lanceolata*). They require to take large quantities of this food in order to gain sufficient nourishment, and, to allow of this, they are provided with a stomach of prodigious size. This gives the living animal a "corporation" of quite unusual dimensions, a characteristic feature which is not infrequently missing in the stuffed and mounted specimens found in museums. The elaboration of the stomach is accompanied by the complete absence of the cheek pouches which are possessed by most of the commoner types of Old World



THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES, WITH HER RETROUSSÉ NOSE MUCH SHORTER THAN THE MALE'S: AN ANIMAL THAT BECAME AN AFFECTIONATE PET, AND REFUSED HER FREEDOM WHEN TAKEN ILL WITH SCURVY THROUGH INCORRECT DIET.



1. "FIELD GRAINWORK" (PATTERNLESS) ON A GOLDEN LION'S MANE MADE BY MR. BLACKBAND (NATURAL SIZE). THE GRAINS, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED, ARE SHOWN IN FIG. 5.



2. "FIELD GRAINWORK" ON GOLDEN PEGASUS HEAD BY ETUSCANS IN THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



3. AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE GRAINS ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF FIG. 2.

"FIELD GRAINWORK" OF THE LION'S MANE (SEE FIG. 1) HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.
4

The illustrations above show golden objects adorned with clusters of golden grains each 100th of an inch in diameter. Mr. Blackband's achievement in discovering the secret of the ancient goldsmiths, in this branch of their work, is made clear by comparing his "field grainwork" (Figs. 1 and 4) with the Etruscan examples (Figs. 2 and 3).

That mystery of the jeweller's craft, the long-lost art of granulation, or grainwork, has been solved by Mr. W. T. Blackband, R.N.S.A., who arranged to give a lecture—*"Ancient Gold Grainwork: The Recovery of the Etruscan Method"*—on April 25, at the Royal Institution, under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Society. In this article, the subject is dealt with by Mr. E. I. Lewis, who gives a general outline of Mr. Blackband's enterprise; while, in the article that follows it, Mr. Blackband himself explains his experiments, and his success.

THE REDISCOVERY OF THE LOST ETUSCAN ART OF GRANULATION.

By E. I. LEWIS.

THE museums of the world have been enriched with specimens of Etruscan art; or, rather, the Etruscan version of Greek art. This collection of tribes, whose civilisation was finally absorbed into that of Rome a short time before the birth of Christ, possessed great skill in many crafts. Their goldsmithing was especially good—you may see fine examples of it in the Gold Room of the British Museum. In one method of decoration, "granulation," they excelled. Antiquarians hold that the Greeks were before them in it, and the Minoans earlier still. The essence of the art was to attach

separately to the golden ornament minute round granules of gold. These grains are of the order of one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. Many thousands of them were required for the larger pieces. The closest examination fails to find on the bright surface of the ornament evidence of the use of soldering material. The art died, and its secret was lost: not even great medieval goldsmiths of the calibre of Benvenuto Cellini could rediscover it. The Etruscans' ancient chisel records, many of which survive, have given no help; for they remain undeciphered. About the middle of last century lived Alessandro Castellani, a great Italian goldsmith. In his Memoirs, he claims that, while travelling in the Peninsula, he found the reputedly extinct Etruscan art flourishing in the isolation of the Pyrenees. He brought the craftsmen to Rome, where already were many highly skilled goldsmiths. These, pursuing their own technique, they copied old Etruscan jewellery, specialising rather in filigree than in granulation ornament. Examples of their work may be seen in London and Birmingham. A careful examination of their granulation work (Figs. 19 and 20) shows that it differs from the ancient work in two ways: the granules have been fixed by solder, the traces of which have been removed to a large extent by "colouring"—the solvent action of aqua regia. Instead of the bright, original metal a matt surface of fine gold is left. In 1899, a thirteen-year-old Birmingham boy, William Blackband, while apprenticed to a goldsmith, attended evening classes at the Victoria Street School of Arts and Crafts. His teacher, T. B. Wigley, told the class that whoever should succeed in rediscovering the secret of the Etruscan craftsmanship would be made for life. Young Blackband soon began experiments which he continued intermittently with increasing knowledge and skill. All modern methods failing him, he at last realised that, to succeed, he must put himself in the place of the ancient workmen and restrict himself to the tools and materials they could come by. He, in fact, rediscovered their whole technique. An intermediate stage is illustrated by the bird at Fig. 17. On the left, the bird is shown with the outline was grooved to keep the granules in place while he tried them. He discarded this as an unworthy shift. By 1920 he had developed, as he believes, the "Etruscan method," and the method is termed "pattern grainwork." The tiny golden amulet (Fig. 7) has double rows of grains aligned to form



17 AND 18. THE BIRD DESIGN (FIG. 17: NATURAL SIZE) WAS MADE BY MR. BLACKBAND DURING AN EARLY EXPERIMENT. IT WAS GROOVED IN A THIN GOLD PLATE AND THE GRAINS WERE LAID IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 18).

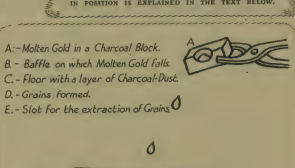
A MYSTERY OF THE ANCIENT THE ETUSCAN METHOD OF GRANULATION—



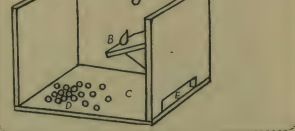
5. A GREEK EAR-ORNAMENT OF THE NINTH CENTURY B.C. DECORATED WITH PATTERN GRAINWORK. (BRITISH MUSEUM—ELGIN COLLECTION.)



6. THE "PATTERN GRAINWORK" OF THE GREEK EAR-ORNAMENT (FIG. 5) HIGHLY MAGNIFIED. THE METHOD OF FIXING THE GOLDEN GRAINS IN POSITION IS EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT BELOW.



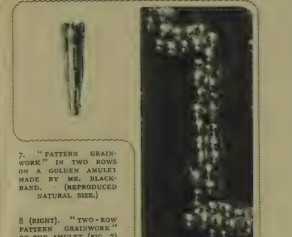
15. A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW MR. W. T. BLACKBAND MAKES GOLDEN GRAINS. MOLTEN GOLD FIRST DROPS ON TO A RAFFER; THEN ON TO A LAYER OF CHARCOAL, WHERE THE GRAINS ROLL INTO SHAPE. THEIR SIZE IS CONTROLLED BY VARYING THE DISTANCE OF THE FALL.



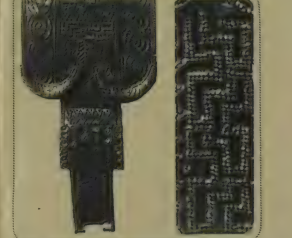
16. THE SOLUTION OF THE SECRET OF "TWO-ROW" GRAIN PATTERN. MR. BLACKBAND NOTICED THAT A LOOSE HAIR ATTRACTED THE GRAINS AND MAINTAINED THEM IN "TWO ROWS." IN PRACTICE, THE ROWS ARE SEPARATED BY A TINY DUST OF GOLD DUST, WHICH, WHEN HEATED, MELTS QUICKLY, SOLDERING THE GRAINS, AND DISAPPEARS BENEATH THEM.

work with originals will venture to dispute his assertion. At an early exhibition he was told that he must not rest till he could copy a ball preserved in the British Museum (Fig. 12). With an illustration alone to guide him he produced the ball of Fig. 11. It surpasses the model; it is about half the diameter—5-8 in. to be exact—and has 1500 grains. The model was, in fact, Mycenaean, of no later date than 1200 B.C., perhaps 200 years earlier, 600 years before any granulated Etruscan work. Mr. Blackband is now the Headmaster of the old school, situated in the heart of the jewellery quarter, a branch school to the Birmingham Central Schools of Arts and Crafts directed by Mr. Harold Holden. The examples of Mr. Blackband's work illustrated here represent the three chief phases of Etruscan granulation ornament—field grainwork, pattern grainwork, and two-row work—all of which will repay study by the most modern craftsmen. The lion's mane (Figs. 1 and 4) is "field grainwork" corresponding to the most primitive type as shown by the Etruscan pin-heads of the sixth century (Figs. 2 and 3). It will be noted that the grains are scattered, as if sprinkled without a definite plan. On the ball (Figs. 11 and 14), also made by Mr. Blackband, the golden grains are clustered in definite shapes, such as pyramids, and the method is termed "pattern grainwork." The tiny golden amulet (Fig. 7) has double rows of grains aligned to form

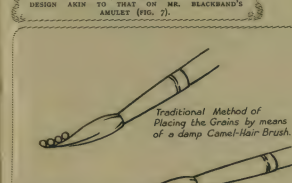
GOLDSMITH'S CRAFT SOLVED: FOR LONG A SECRET—REDISCOVERED.



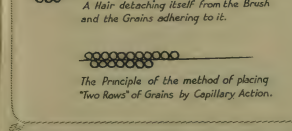
7. "PATTERN GRAINWORK" IN TWO ROWS ON A GOLDEN AMULET MADE BY MR. BLACKBAND. (REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE.)



9 AND 10. AN ETUSCAN BRACELET OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. (LEFT: NATURAL SIZE; RIGHT: DETAIL MAGNIFIED) BEARING A "TWO-ROW" DESIGN ASH TO THAT ON MR. BLACKBAND'S AMULET (FIG. 7). HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.



11. A TRADITIONAL METHOD OF PLACING THE GRAINS BY MEANS OF A DAMP CAMEL-HAIR BRUSH.



12. THE PRINCIPLE OF THE METHOD OF PLACING "TWO ROWS" OF GRAINS BY CAPILLARY ACTION.

a geometrical scheme. This piece of Mr. Blackband's work is noteworthy not only because the minute grains are arranged on a cone of small curvature, but because, in double-row work, surface attraction of the grains must be overcome by the worker. In "field grainwork" the craftsmen are assisted by the surface attraction of the grains. By the courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum, examples of ancient work are reproduced here for comparison with the modern pieces by Mr. Blackband. The beautiful object shown in Figs. 5 and 6 is a Greek ear-ornament of the ninth century B.C. (Elgin Collection). Another exquisite ancient piece is an Etruscan bracelet of the sixth century (Figs. 9 and 10).

MY REDISCOVERY OF THE ETUSCAN ART OF GRANULATION.

By W. T. BLACKBAND, R.N.S.A.

AFTER many years' experiment on modern lines of production, I came to the conclusion that I was approaching the granulation problem in the wrong way. Instead of working backwards along the route of evolution, why not track the line of evolution upwards from zero? Accordingly, I imposed upon myself the conditions and appliances of the primitive



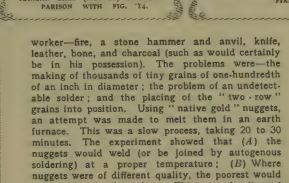
11. "PATTERN GRAINWORK" ON A GOLDEN BALL ONLY 1 IN. IN DIAMETER, MADE BY MR. W. T. BLACKBAND. THE DETAIL, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED, IS SHOWN IN FIG. 14.



12. "PATTERN GRAINWORK" ON A GOLDEN BALL—MYCENAEAN, C. 1500 B.C. (NATURAL SIZE)—IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. MR. BLACKBAND'S BALL IS BASED UPON THE MYCENAEAN.



13. AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE "PATTERN GRAINWORK" ON THE MYCENAEAN BALL (FIG. 12) FOR COMPARISON WITH FIG. 7.

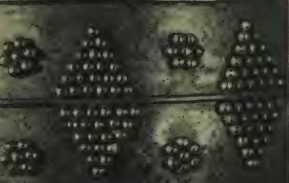


14. "PATTERN GRAINWORK" ON MR. W. T. BLACKBAND'S GOLDEN BALL (SEE FIG. 11) HIGHLY MAGNIFIED, SHOWING THE GRAINS IN STRAND FORMATION. THE METHOD OF FIXING THE GRAINS IS EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT BELOW.

worker—fire, a stone hammer and anvil, knife, leather, bone, and charcoal (such as wood certainly be in his possession). The problems were—the melting of thousands of tiny grains of one-hundredth of an inch in diameter; the problem of an undetectable solder; and the placing of the "two-row" grains into position. Using a "live gold" suggests, an attempt was made to melt them in an earth furnace. This was a slow process, taking 20 to 30 minutes. The experiment showed that (A) the nuggets would weld (or be joined by autogenous soldering) at a proper temperature; (B) where nuggets were of different quality, the poorest would melt and join the others. This was the line of discovery of true solder; (C) After some time elapsed the bottom of the furnace became coated with ash and charcoal dust. An accidental dropping of a small quantity of molten gold (dropped about by the awkwardness of this crude apparatus) showed that gold precipitated into charcoal dust would fall into grains, like rain on a dusty surface. Thus, I found that grains in clusters, and as "field encrustation," may be fixed by "autogenous" soldering. The best results were obtained on a copper-alloy gold, approximating to British gold coin standard. The "ball ornament" (Fig. 11) was made in this way. In Fig. 14 the grains show the effect of the relaxation of the surface tension during the process of "autogenous" soldering (a form of undetectable solder). Also, I found that grains can be made in quantity by precipitating molten gold in small quantities of about one pennyweight into a box having the floor covered with charcoal dust to a depth of 1/16 in. The height from which it is precipitated, and the use of a baffle in the box (Fig. 18), regulates the size of the grains, which may be tilted to size, and the residue re-precipitated. During a later experiment I used improved equipment, together with borax and sal-ammoniac such as is found in the volcanic regions of North Italy and would have been available to the Etruscans. The constant precipitation of gold gave signs of the possibility of refining by fire roasting, and I enforced the observation that the addition of copper to gold reduces the melting point. The ancients would not add silver to their gold, as they had no means of removing it once it was in. Their attitude to the alloy of silver and gold which is known as electrum shows this. Evidently, then, the ancients added copper to a portion of the gold they intended to use as solder, and, when finished, removed the signs of the copper from the surface by heating in sal-ammoniac. The management of the two-row grains as practised by the Etruscans, which has been a mystery hitherto, was very simple and again due to observation of an accident. The word filigree is of Italian origin (Etruscan?)—"filis-grano"—and is supposed to signify "hair-



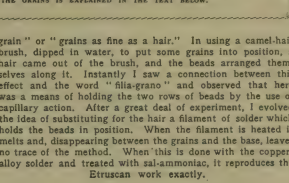
19. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



20. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



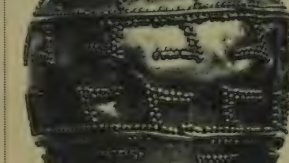
21. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



22. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



23. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



24. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).

19 AND 20. A GOLDEN BALL (NATURAL SIZE SHOWN IN FIG. 19) MADE ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY BY CASTELLANI. THE GRAINS WERE Laid IN THE GROOVE, AS SHOWN IN THE MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPH (FIG. 20).



AMONG the tapestries and pictures at the Austrian Exhibition, Regent Street, is a small but very choice little collection of porcelain, well displayed and well lighted. The products of the Vienna factory are very rarely to be seen in this country, and no excuse is necessary for devoting a page this week to a range of pieces which are notable examples of their kind, and which are eloquent of the refinement of taste normally characteristic of the polite world in the Imperial capital. To most of us the great names in the art of Vienna are those of musicians, some of whom are only half-understood by the average English orchestra (I have suffered in my time from hearing "Der Rosenkavalier" treated as if it were a Lenten hymn), and music is undoubtedly the greatest contribution of the city by the Danube to European culture. After that, presumably, comes architecture; with painting a rather poor third. Porcelain, however, is a different matter, not in the sense that the pieces manufactured during the eighteenth century were notably original either in design or decoration, but that they did avoid many of the grosser defects of taste which are so tiresome in the products of some of the other European factories: by some miracle, however much gilding he spreads about, the Viennese craftsman gives the impression that he still remains



THE ENGAGING SENTIMENT OF OLD VIENNESE PORCELAIN: A FIGURE OF A LITTLE GIRL FEEDING HER DOLL; DATING FROM 1760.

keep its secrets. The famous Bottger had discovered the method of making true porcelain by 1709: by 1718, a certain du Pasquier, a mysterious person of Dutch extraction (and, one would guess, of Huguenot descent), had succeeded in establishing a similar enterprise in the Imperial capital, with the aid of one or two Meissen workmen. Apparently it was the city of Vienna, and not the State, which financed the business, which struggled on with difficulty till 1744, when it nearly collapsed altogether. In that year du Pasquier was compelled to sell out to the State; he remained for a short time as manager; but died, worn out, in 1751.

With the year 1744 began the second and more prosperous period, which lasted until 1784. Perhaps the word "prosperous" is not quite accurate, for it is notorious that a State-aided concern thinks more of making a brave show than of studying the taxpayer's pocket. It did, however, achieve a very real artistic success in direct competition with Saxony, and came very near to the technical standard of Sèvres; but it was over-stuffed and badly directed. There was another crisis, and it was offered for sale to a private purchaser—who failed to appear. Luckily, there was a man available who combined an aptitude for business with a sound knowledge of art. This was Konrad von Sorgenthal, one of those rare personalities who seem to have been born for the express purpose of rescuing derelict businesses from bankruptcy. He took hold at once, cajoled, ordered, inspired, turned heavy losses into handsome profits, and left behind him when he died, in 1805, a factory second to none in Europe. The end did not come till 1864.

It is the second and third of these three periods which are represented in the exhibition, and which are very inadequately illustrated on this page. The figures belong to the second, the saucer to the third; and, naturally, both types depend very much upon colour for their proper appreciation.

It will be noted that, as in every other country in Europe, fashion in the latter half of the eighteenth century changes from a by no means insensitive interpretation of natural forms to a pseudo-classicism which can be extraordinarily charming, but which gives little opportunity for originality, and consequently ends in mere repetition. If a potter is always going about with a keen eye for the swirl of a petticoat or the turn of a leg, he is not likely to lose his inventiveness; but when he has to spend his time studying prints of classical subjects, his mind is liable to atrophy—which is

why the best people are always lamenting the undoubted decadence of much of the popular art of the last years of the century: the technical standard is high, but the inspiration is dry, second-hand, and sentimental. The sentiment of the earlier figures is not profound, but it is at least of the earth earthy, and not of some genteel elysium. As against that, the forms are pleasing, the decoration at once rich and restrained, and the whole conception elegant in the extreme.

Authority (I refer especially to the late Dr. Hannover) is inclined to deprecate what it refers to as the taste of the drawing-room collector for these

third-period pieces, which seems to me a rather dangerous subject, because if this sort of advice is pushed to its logical conclusion, no one will be encouraged to enjoy anything but the very finest and rarest early Chinese porcelain. The point is rather, not that these Vienna pieces are great works of art, but that they are interesting and agreeable, characteristic of the taste of the period, and therefore important, if only as historical documents—that they have also considerable decorative qualities is but an additional virtue. It is waste of time to judge such things by what has been accomplished before or since: one must compare them with contemporary work elsewhere, and by this standard the factory is to be placed in the very first rank.



VIENNA PORCELAIN PRODUCED IN THE SECOND PERIOD OF THE VIENNESE FACTORY, DURING WHICH IT WAS A PUBLIC CONCERN: A BETROTHAL GROUP OF 1775; TO BE SEEN IN THE "AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION" IN LOWER REGENT STREET—TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER PIECES ILLUSTRATED HERE.

Apparently, much of the credit for the good taste with which antique forms were adapted must be given to Anton Grassi, who went to Italy in 1792, and brought back an enormous stock of prints and drawings which were used during the whole of the following decade. The precision and accuracy of the drawing and painting is almost beyond belief—indeed, so perfect as to be sometimes machine-like, and therefore rather dull.

Early Vienna porcelain bears no mark: from 1744 the arms of the house of Austria were used; at first, until 1749, in iron-red, purple, or black underneath the glaze; and between 1749 and 1827 in underglaze blue. After 1827 the blue mark was superseded by the uncoloured impressed mark, but—to quote Dr. Hannover—"during the last few years before the factory closed down, the blue mark was again occasionally used, as it would seem, however, only on specimens executed in the old style to meet orders from England."



THE CHARM OF OLD VIENNESE PORCELAIN: A FIGURE OF A WOMAN SELLING GREEN-GROCERY; DATING FROM ABOUT 1775.



VIENNESE PORCELAIN MADE DURING THE FACTORY'S THIRD PERIOD, WHEN IT FLOURISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF KONRAD VON SORGENTHAL: A SAUCER WITH MINIATURE PAINTINGS BY ANTON KOTHGASSER AFTER ANGELICA KAUFMANN; FROM THE BLOCH-BAUER COLLECTION AT VIENNA (1804).

a man of breeding. He is influenced enormously, as is natural, first by Meissen and then by Sèvres; but nevertheless gives to his work a peculiar restraint which does a great deal to prejudice the modern critic in his favour.

There seem to be no documents concerning the beginnings of the Vienna enterprise: all that is certain is that the great Saxon factory at Meissen could not

“MAGIC MIRROR” MARIONETTES AT “AUSTRIA IN LONDON”:
CHARMING PUPPETS WHO PERFORMED BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.



PROFESSOR TESCHNER'S FAMOUS MARIONETTES AT THE AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION IN LOWER REGENT STREET: PROTAGONISTS IN THE PANTIMIME "THE DRAGON SLAYER"—THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS, BUDDHA, THE MANDARIN, AND THE WARRIOR IN FRONT OF THE "MAGIC MIRROR" IN WHICH THE ACTION TAKES PLACE.



THE TEMPERAMENTAL GLASS "MAESTRO" WHO PLAYS THE COLOUR PIANO: A FANTASTIC MANNIKIN ACTUATED FROM BELOW BY MEANS OF STICKS.



THE "CHINESE TRAINING ACT" GIVEN BY PROFESSOR TESCHNER'S MARIONETTES: THE CHINESE BOY WITH HIS CLEVER FO-DOG, WHICH PERFORMS A SERIES OF THE MOST DEXTEROUS TRICKS.



THE GLASS "MAESTRO" AT HIS TONE-COLOUR PIANO: A TRANSPARENT GENIUS WHOSE RAPTURES ARE INTERRUPTED BY AN AGGRAVATING MUSICAL DUCK—AND BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC, BUT UNMUSICAL, LADY.



THE "NAME PART" IN "THE DRAGON SLAYER" MARIONETTE PANTIMIME: A MONSTER WHO DEFILES BOTH THE CIVIL AND THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES, BUT IS VANQUISHED BY THE SPIRITUAL, IN THE PERSON OF BUDDHA.



A GALLANT BUT UNAVAILING ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS FROM THE DRAGON: THE SAMURAI (WARRIOR) FIGHTING THE MONSTER, WHO, HOWEVER, KILLS AND EATS HIM.

It is with particular pleasure that we record that Professor Teschner's marionettes are now to be seen in England, for we illustrated them as far back as December 2 of last year. Performances are being given at the Austrian Exhibition in Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, which is continuing until May 12, and a special one was witnessed by the Prince of Wales the other day. Three of Professor Teschner's marionette plays are dealt with on this page—"The Dragon Slayer," "The Colour Piano," and "The Chinese Training Act." In the first the dragon is seen guarding the abducted Princess. A Chinese mandarin, a high official, enters, and reads an act of banishment. The dragon is not at all

impressed, and turns away bored. The Samurai, a Japanese warrior, attempts to battle with the monster, but is overcome and eaten. Then Buddha enters and defeats the dragon by the force of his will. In the "Colour Piano," a glass mannikin appears and tries the new tone-colour instrument, which he finds exquisite. He is not left in peace, however, by the petty, everyday world—in particular, a duck breaks in on his raptures, and also an enthusiastic but very unmusical lady. The lady in the end pacifies the maestro by handing him a bouquet of flowers glowing in C major! In the "Chinese Training Act" a Chinese boy appears with his clever Fo-dog, which executes a variety of tricks.

PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LORD OF ARABIA: IBN SAUD." By H. C. ARMSTRONG.*

(PUBLISHED BY BARKER.)

WHATEVER be the immediate result of events in Arabia, where the hostilities recently begun between Ibn Saud and the Imam of Yemen were followed by the Imam's request for an armistice, it seems probable that, unless the whole of Ibn Saud's previous career belies him, the Yemen may eventually be added to the realm which can now be called, for the first time in history, an Arabian Empire. The eyes of the world are again turned on the remarkable man who for half a century has led a life of unrelenting effort and romantic vicissitude in pursuit of a nationalistic ideal. Historians have yet to give us the true story of the Arab national movement—if that term is not misleading, for it is a movement of Islam rather than of a people. The origins may be found, when the full data are collected, to go back much farther into the nineteenth century than is generally supposed. Whether that be so or not, the name of Ibn Saud, or, more formally, King Abdul Aziz, will dominate it. Forty years ago he was an exile among the wildest tribes of Arabia, fleeing from the relentless enemies of his priestly house. To-day Mr. Armstrong writes of him: "Ibn Saud is Lord of Arabia, ruling by the force of his personality and the strength of his own right arm. An immense man, tremendous, vital, dominant. A giant thrown up out of the chaos and agony of the Desert—to rule. . . . Royal, majestic and unperturbed, Ibn Saud rules the Desert with justice and exemplary punishment. He has branded his will on the unruly people of his vast Empire. He lives without pomp or ceremony. . . . Sitting in his palace in Mecca or in his Audience Chamber in Riad, his plain Arab cloak drawn round him, his eagle face and his massive shoulders thrust forward as he receives his subjects, listens to their petitions and complaints, or gives terse orders to his officials, he might be one of the Great Caliphs. He stands, basing himself four-square on his trust in God, straddled across Arabia, holding the whole land and its people between his clenched fists. He is inspired by a driving Belief—the Belief that he has been entrusted by God with a mission to knit all Arabs into one people, to lead them back to the greatness of their forefathers, and to make the Word of God supreme."

Ibn Saud was born in 1880 at Riad, which is almost the geographical centre of Nejd, and therefore of Arabia. It has also been, for more than a century, the centre of the strict or reformed Wahabi sect of Mahomedanism; and the present King's great-uncle, Saud the Great, was the coadjutor of Ibn Abdul Wahab himself—that younger Mahomet—in the foundation of New Islam. To the rigorous, fanatical doctrines of the Wahabi, Ibn Saud has always been devoted, though he has found it necessary, with the expansion of his power, to moderate the more reactionary tenets of his sect. He was born in an atmosphere of feud and turbulence. While he was still a child, his father, Abdur Rahman, fled from Riad into exile in the desert, after an unsuccessful revolt against the Rashid. Ibn Saud accompanied his father in that flight, and for many years lived a vagrant, hand-to-mouth existence. He gained a profound knowledge of the Bedouin and of desert lore, and became an accomplished guerilla warrior in a long war of attrition against the Rashid. Gradually he became recognised as a leader, cunning in strategy and bold in personal exploit, and when, almost single-handed, he captured Riad and raised it in revolt, he was marked out to be Amir and Imam of his own native territory. His successes were so rapid that they raised the apprehensions of the Turks, the nominal overlords of Arabia, and before long he found himself confronted by an alliance

of the Turks with his old enemy, the Rashid. He decisively defeated the combination, only to find that the Young Turks, fresh from their victory over the Old Régime and ambitious for empire, had raised a new rival against him in the person of King Husein of the Hejaz. At the age of twenty-seven Ibn Saud was the acknowledged leader of his people; by 1913 "he had ejected and killed the Rashid, he had crushed all internal revolts. He had driven out the Turks. In the spring of 1913 he went into the south country. All administration and all justice was in his hands, and there were many disputes and cases to be settled. Also he had determined to teach the Bedouin that he was master, and that without his permission he would allow no raiding." He had accomplished much, but the tasks before him were beyond prediction. One of the first to which he addressed

all the Arab leaders, wooed by both sides. It was natural that his policy should be directed chiefly towards being on the winning side, and on the whole he favoured the chances of Great Britain, though he was reluctant to commit himself and was adroit in remaining technically neutral. His position was highly insecure. The Turks, seeing which way his sympathies were tending, set old enemies upon him, and for two years he was engaged in a desperate struggle with the Rashid and the Ajman. Not until 1917 had he made his position reasonably safe in the Hasa and the Nejd against these threats. He had entered into treaties of neutrality with the British, for the usual Arab consideration of golden coin; but it was embarrassing for him that the British were supporting, under the influence of T. E. Lawrence, the policy of Husein of the Hejaz. There was already personal enmity between Husein and Ibn Saud, and, apart from that, there can be little doubt that Ibn Saud had long entertained ambitious designs upon the Hejaz, the stronghold of what he and his followers regarded as heretical Mahomedanism, but the region of the Holy Places, which the Wahabi apostle longed to control.

It was only a question of time before Ibn Saud came to grips with Husein and his sons, Feisal of Iraq and Abdullah of Transjordan. All who have followed Eastern affairs since the war are aware that it was only by British intervention that conflict was averted, and that our diplomacy had great difficulty in securing any stable frontier arrangements. Husein's own obstinacy and recklessness eventually forfeited British protection, and when in 1924 he proclaimed himself Caliph of Islam, he sealed his own doom and delivered himself into the hands of the Wahabis. With little resistance the *Ikhwan* occupied Mecca and swept over Hejaz, and in a surprisingly short time Ibn Saud, already, since 1921, Sultan of Nejd, was proclaimed King of the Hejaz. "With the exception of the Yemen and the territory far to the south beyond the Great Waste on the coast of the Indian Ocean, Ibn Saud, holding a protectorate over Asir, ruled All Arabia from the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf and from the Great Waste to the edges of Syria. He was Guardian of the Sacred Cities of Islam and Imam of the Wahabis. He was Lord of Arabia."

He has proved himself not merely a conqueror, but an administrator. His government has been firm and at times severe, but, on the whole, just; and in his frequent congresses and conferences he has shown a spirit of compromise and reasonableness unusual in a potentate of his type. He has never been free from formidable anxieties, and has constantly had to deal with dissension and revolt. Up to the present, he has never failed to assert his will, and the outcome of his clash with the Imam of Yemen will be awaited with deep interest by the Western world.

Mr. Armstrong's somewhat fragmentary treatment depicts a personality of remarkable power and unshaken constancy. Ibn Saud is not a man of enlightenment in the European sense, but he has great personal courage, unbounded energy, and extraordinary singleness of purpose. Though necessarily narrow and dogmatic in his dominating religious conviction, he has not shown himself intolerant in negotiation, but has constantly grown in statesmanship. His life has known scarcely a moment of repose, nor does his future promise any abatement of anxiety. The leading personalities in the world to-day are strangely diverse,

and Ibn Saud, though seeming to personify in many respects another world and another age, is among the most remarkable of the moderns. Whatever his ultimate achievement, he will be remembered as one of the outstanding figures of Arabian history. To the Faithful, it may well seem that the Prophet lived again in Ibn Abdul Wahab, and that Ibn Abdul Wahab lives again in Ibn Saud. —C.K.A.



A MINIATURE ART GALLERY—TO THE SCALE OF AN INCH AND A HALF TO THE FOOT: TINY MASTERPIECES BY THE MODERN BRITISH PAINTERS, TRISTRAM HILLIER, WADSWORTH, S. W. HAYTOR, AND TRISTRAM HILLIER (LEFT TO RIGHT); AND MINIATURE SCULPTURES BY HENRY MOORE (CENTRE) AND JOHN SKEAPING. (FOOT-RULE SUPERIMPOSED.)



TINY PICTURES BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A. (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND OTHER LEADING MODERN BRITISH ARTISTS IN THE MINIATURE ART GALLERY: A WONDERFUL EXHIBIT IN THE "CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES" EXHIBITION NOW OPEN AT CHESTERFIELD HOUSE; WITH SCULPTURE BY FRANK DOBSON, LEON UNDERWOOD, AND MAURICE LAMBERT (RIGHT TO LEFT). (FOOT-RULE SUPERIMPOSED.)

"This charming gallery of pictures," notes Mr. Wilenski, referring to this miniature art exhibition in a foreword, "is equivalent to a theatre model or to one of those scale models of furniture made, with such fine craftsmanship, by the English cabinet-makers in the eighteenth century. The idea came from Mr. Sydney Burney. . . . The pictures and sculptures are not sketches or miniatures in the ordinary meaning of the words. They are model pictures and sculptures characteristic of each artist's individual style and skill. They look as they are intended to look, like full-size pictures and sculptures seen through a reducing glass." The sculptures and paintings, it may be further noted, are gifts from the artists themselves, by whom they were executed; the picture frames were made and presented by Sybil Stephenson; and the gallery was designed by Mr. Marshall Sisson, A.R.I.B.A. The gallery was made for, and is being shown in, the Exhibition "Children Throughout the Ages" at Chesterfield House, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Sydney Burney.]

himself was the propagation of religious nationalism; by missionary zeal, combined with practical organising ability, he consolidated the Bedouin into the *Ikhwan*, the Prophet's shock-troops, "the Brethren united in God." Though they were unruly at times, they turned out to be, as he had intended, a Tenth Legion in the great Wahabi drive. During the Great War, Ibn Saud found himself, like

* "Lord of Arabia: Ibn Saud.—An Intimate Study of a King." By H. C. Armstrong, Author of "Grey Wolf." (Arthur Barker, Ltd.; 9s. net.)

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

PROSPECTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

PREPARING for the annual International Opera Season at Covent Garden is no light task. Plans have to be laid a long time ahead; operas selected, and artists engaged; but even when the artists are all safely assembled and rehearsing, nerves may be frayed and tempers lost, with the risk of endangering one or two productions altogether. It is all to the good, therefore, that the singers this year will find a newly built annexe to the stage end of the Opera House, equipped with modern dressing-rooms and all the necessary amenities, which up to the present have been lacking at Covent Garden. When one considers that an opera such as "Die Meistersinger" requires about six hundred people, one can imagine that adequate accommodation behind the scenes is going to help immensely towards making things go more smoothly.

But the stage itself has been greatly improved by the installation of a cyclorama and a new electrical lighting plant, which ought to brighten up the production of the two cycles of the "Ring" considerably this year. The lighting has in the past always been one of the weak spots of Covent Garden productions, and we may expect a complete change for the better this season. The auditorium has not been altered, but the audience on the first night will find considerable changes in the foyer, where a new bar has been erected. The needs of the passionate music-lovers who patronise the large gallery nightly will find that an old chorus-room has been given up for their use as a refreshment room. It is behind the scenes, however, that the great transformations have been made, and it may interest readers to know that, apart from the operatic cast playing before the scene, the production of an opera at Covent Garden requires the services behind the scenes of about twelve wardrobe mistresses, twenty-five electricians, thirty dressers, and from forty to fifty stage hands.

For the opening night, Beethoven's "Fidelio" has been chosen, but at the time of writing the names of the principals have not been announced. There

is very little doubt, however, that we shall hear Lotte Lehmann as the Leonore, but I am not certain who the tenor will be. The management declare that they have a superb cast for "Fidelio," and so I hope that this great opera will receive a production worthy of it on this occasion. It is, no doubt, a sign of the better times that the advance booking this year is, so far, the best experienced since 1919; and the entire house is already sold out for the two cycles of the "Ring." In the "Ring" we shall hear many of the old favourites, such as Lotte Lehmann, Frida Leider, Herbert Janssen, Alexander Kipnis, Lauritz Melchior, and Eduard Habich.

In the new opera, "Schwanda," the title-rôle will be taken by a singer new to London, Paul Schoeffler; and in Richard Strauss's "Arabella," which will be produced for the first time in London this season, the principal part will be played by another singer new to Covent Garden, Viorica Ursuleac, who comes from Dresden. Margit Bokor is another new singer who will appear in this opera.

In the Italian season we are promised one opera by Verdi, "Otello," in which it is probable that Lauritz Melchior will be heard for the first time in London in the title-rôle. I prophesy a great success for "Otello," which is one of the greatest works in the history of opera. It makes terrific demands on the singers, requiring a robust, dramatic tenor who is, at the same time, a fine actor; and a first-rate soprano in the part of Desdemona. It may be that we shall hear Lotte Lehmann as Desdemona; and the combination of Lehmann and Melchior in this opera would certainly be a great attraction. This will be the only Verdi opera to be produced this year. The ever-popular "La Bohème" is to be given, and we are likely to hear some new singers in the cast. The other Puccini opera is "Turandot," which shows the composer in a totally different light, and is a spectacular opera which ought to gain greatly by the new lighting installation at Covent Garden. A revival of "Carmen" is an interesting feature of this season, and it will be the only French opera to be produced.

It is interesting to note that this year there are a number of English singers engaged, apart from the permanent chorus of sixty, which is entirely British.

Among the British singers who will take rôles this season are Mr. John Brownlee, who is well known at the Paris Opera House, and a number of others, including Robert Gaston, Constance Willis, Mary Jarred, Joan Cross (who is well known to supporters of the Vic-Wells opera), Betty Thompson, Samuel Worthington, Gladys Parr, and Betsy de la Porte. There is no doubt that our native Vic-Wells operatic company can learn a great deal at the International Opera Season at Covent Garden, and part of the improvement in the standard of performances at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells in recent years may be ascribed to the opportunity of learning from the greatest operatic singers from abroad, which their participation in the Covent Garden season offers.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE present season has given motorists quite a number of cars which have no change-speed lever or "gear-shift," as our American cousins style it. The result is that three persons can be carried in comfort in the front seat. Next year and the year after will see radical changes in this direction if the



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present cars without gear-levers maintain their popularity with the motoring public. The fluid flywheel and automatic self-changing gears, automatic clutch-control and similar devices, do not require any levers to obstruct the space for passengers sitting in the front seats. I expect these present well-known devices will be augmented with several others, as electrical control for gears is now talked about in the designing and experimental departments at several motor factories.

All this is to the good of the user, and I hope the day is not far distant when the seats in the rear compartment will be quite as comfortable as regards road-shocks as those in the front. Design is moving that way, as several of the new models have pushed the engine further forward in the chassis so as to bring the rear seats between the two axles and not over the back axle—its usual uncomfortable position. So, with wider seats in front and less jarring ones behind, we are progressing in this year of grace towards the standard of comfort of the old state landau, with its C-springs, of two or four horse-power.

I have not yet driven the production models of these self gear-shifting cars, but on the experimental ones I discovered that, not requiring to use a gear-lever, it left a spare hand to use for signalling or moving the direction-indicator turn-button. So, with all the cry for "better safety," the motor engineer is more than doing his part in reducing the work of the driver to merely controlling the speed, steering, and stopping of the vehicle. In fact, motorists of the future will only have to learn these three "S's" as they do the three "R's" at school.

Motor transmission is the one topic of technical interest at the moment. The new large Chryslers are provided with an "over-drive," or extra high top, in order to reduce the rate of revolution of the engine's crankshaft after accelerating. This also claims to give economy and more silent running at speed. To attain this effect, Chrysler engineers adopted an automatic gear-change, employing centrifugal force as the means of actuating the change of ratio. The new "Reo" cars also have a self-shifting "gear-set," or gear-box, as we call it. But, while using centrifugal force as the medium of changing gears, the principle is applied in an entirely different way. On the other hand, Europe has employed a two-speed axle for giving "over-drive" transmission, America's exponent of this type being the Auburn car.

My U.S.A. readers are kind enough to send me all sorts of most interesting news items concerning

(Continued overleaf.)



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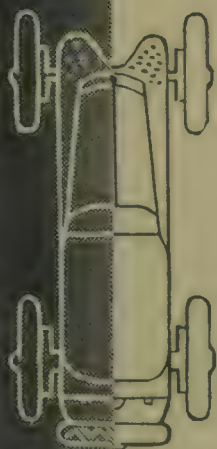
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Continued.]

motoring, for which, here and now, I express my best thanks. I am always glad to hear from them. One of the most amusing from the latest batch of news concerns the fight one of the petrol-distributing companies is making against "gasoline (petrol) boot-leggers." It sells "Tydol gasoline," and has provided a sensational method of preventing adulteration or substitution in the sale of its petrol by inventing a liquid called "secret detector," which, together with frequent inspections of their distributors' petrol-stations, is proving very successful.

This "secret detector" has been incorporated in all Triple X Tydol since May 15, 1933. The method used in the test is simple. A four-ounce bottle is filled with this brand of petrol to within one inch of the top and then a small phial containing an exact amount of "developer" is poured into the four-ounce bottle containing the sample of petrol to be tested. This mixture is well shaken. After a few seconds a purplish pink layer will be seen to settle at the bottom of the bottle. This should be of a certain density, and any fainter colour indicates dilution of the petrol by some cheaper and commoner spirit. If there is no colour at all, it shows that the petrol tested is entirely a substituted article and not the fuel which the purchaser expected and paid for. In other words, you have caught a thief.

While, in England, the petrol distributing companies do employ a large staff inspecting garages and filling-stations to see that their product is sold unspoiled and undiluted to the public, so far I have not heard whether any of their fuels contain a "secret detector." Personally, I wish each and all of the principal brands did contain something with which the lay public could test them to see if they were getting the brand of petrol desired. I and many others would like to carry a bottle of "developer" and see whether we are getting the quality of fuel which we are paying for when on tour.

Our young generation of motorists has grown up with such speedy cars that anything which cannot touch 70 m.p.h. in a minute or so is considered "junk" by them. To-day, all cars are wonderfully fast in their acceleration when one considers how small are the engines compared to those used in similar "speeders" twenty years ago. But, as my friend Vokes, of Putney, says: "Very few people have authentic knowledge of the enormous effect on engine performance of (a) efficient air and oil filtration, and (b) efficient elimination of exhaust gases." But motorists must not think that, because they fit an air filter, an oil filter, and a silencer, they are protected from troubles arising from clogged engines and dirty petrol or back pressure from the silencer. There are no accessories in which there is a greater variation of individual performance. You must see that these are of the right type to perform their work efficiently. Then you will get better speed at much less cost.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"DARK HORIZON," AT DALY'S.

THE action of this play occurs in a large Kensington house converted into flats, and it is a defect that the occupants are as dull on the stage as they would be in real life. First we see the housekeepers' basement, where they dream of the day when they will retire and run a poultry farm. Next we learn of a scientist who, after three years of research, has made a discovery (not too closely defined) that will reduce the mortality of childbirth. He is in love with a girl whose mother is herself in love with him. These three characters are very vaguely drawn, and it is impossible to take much interest in them. Indeed, until the close of the second act, there is little to hold the interest. Then, thanks to Miss Ann Todd, as a girl who discovers she loves her sweetheart's brother on the eve of her fiancé's return from the Far East, our emotions are stirred. Mr. Lester Matthews, too, as the returned wanderer, gives a very natural performance. Then, without the formality of a declaration of war, an enemy air-fleet bombards London. The stage effects are remarkably realistic. We hear the explosion of bombs, the roar of anti-aircraft guns; learn that the water-supply has been poisoned; there is a hurried distribution of gas-masks. The final curtain falls on a scene of havoc. In this last act the author rises to the occasion; her characters speak in staccato sentences, and there is a fine sense of helplessness. But the earlier scenes are dull; the dialogue is never easy; while the characters are just so many stock figures.

"THERE'S ALWAYS TO-MORROW."

Lady Grace Carlingford was one of those possessive women as common in real life as on the stage. Her first husband had died within a month of marriage, leaving her with happy memories, a title, wealth, and a posthumous son. Next she married a world-famous scientist who adored her as much as she him. Even this was not enough; she must be sole possessor of her son's affections also. When he returned from a two-year visit to the States, accompanied by a young American lady whom he had met on the voyage, she became jealous. From that moment she absorbed him; she arranged things so that almost every hour of her son's day was devoted to her. Through the indiscretion of her brother-in-law, the Dean, she learnt that the girl's father had died from drink. This gave her an idea: at dinner that evening she doped her guest's wine, so that after a few sips she became disgracefully drunk. The fact that she had got into that condition after a mere glassful of wine, the mother suggested, meant that she must be a secret drinker, and had consumed quantities of alcohol beforehand. There was a fairly effective scene in which the intoxicated visitor expressed her candid opinion of her hostess, but which might have been more so had Miss Viola Keats, who played the part, been less concerned with her American accent and able to let herself go. There was a touch of farce in the last act, when the husband, discovering his wife's trick, arranged with the butler to drink the remainder of the girl's wine and simulate drunkenness, and so convince his stepson that it was the unexpected fermentation of a cheap wine that was responsible for the girl's intoxication. Miss Mary Newcomb gave a sensitive performance as Lady Grace, though she was miscast to the extent that she never persuaded anyone she could be capable of such a dastardly trick. Miss Kate Cutler, a comédienne to her finger-tips, did wonders with the tiny rôle of a Dean's wife addicted to backing horses; and Mr. Henry Hewitt was the perfect butler. "Quite unlike the English butler seen in the States," he admitted to the American visitor; "but that, Miss, you see, is the export variety." The play has been withdrawn.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning.

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

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action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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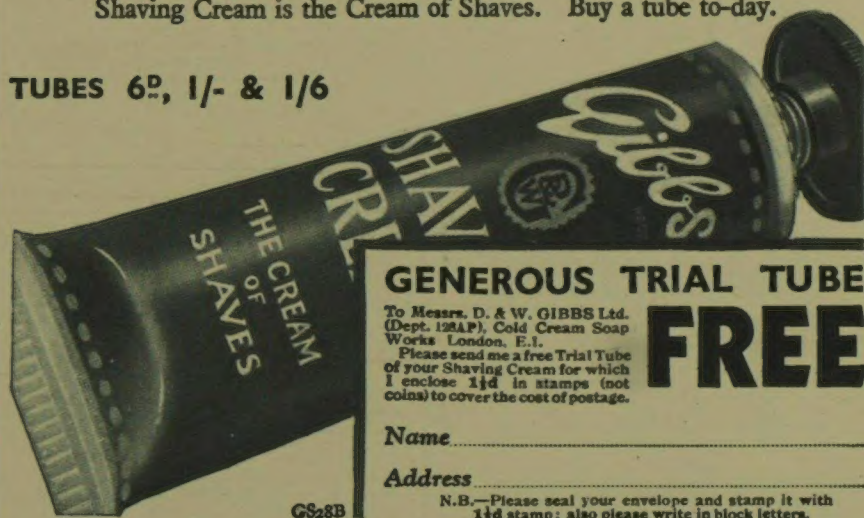


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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 644.)

organises its incidents so swiftly and dexterously that we are excited by their sequence. It is the activity of a runaway comet, and there lies its thrill. The bustle



THE PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF INCORPORATED PRACTITIONERS IN ADVERTISING: MR. RALPH WINTER THOMAS, F.I.P.A.

At the Annual Dinner of Fellows and Associates of the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising, Mr. Ralph Winter Thomas, who is Chairman of the Winter Thomas Company, gave a most excellent presidential address.

and rush of this American lawyer's office, with its continual parade of secretaries, messengers and clients, its recurring interruptions from the switch-board, its criss-cross, snappy dialogue, its incisively drawn contrasting types, its dominant central figure, not only arouses interest in its kaleidoscopic movement but fastens it on an exciting story. The narrative is swift and full of surprise, telling of an eminent lawyer's fight against odds, of his victory and the loss

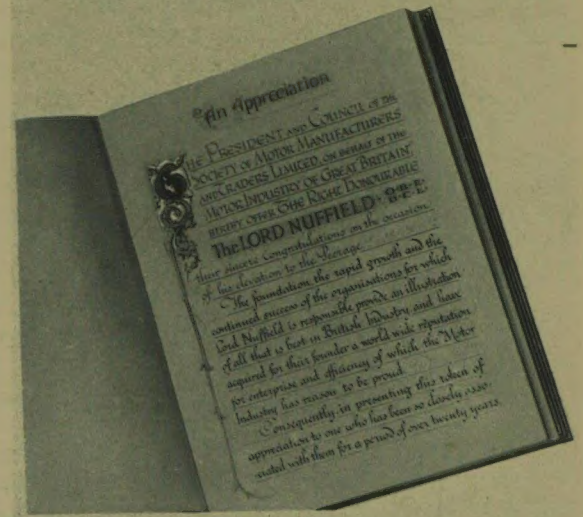
of his wife in the hour of triumph, of his contemplated suicide and salvation at the crucial moment. Suspense is excited by devious devices. Add to a well-told tale the merits of first-rate acting, particularly the mercurial theatrical portraiture of Mr. Hugh Miller in the chief part, and a lively entertainment is guaranteed. The magic of the spell-binder and the metamorphosis of incidents admirably do their work. But the movement is dazzling, not illuminating. These are puppets masquerading, and Mr. Rice is far too accomplished a craftsman to allow pause that we may discover the strings.

But at the Shaftesbury, in "There's Always To-morrow," we had an example of shock methods applied to a serious theme—the conflicts of mind in a mother who sees her son, for whom she has lived, fall in love with a young girl. Now, this problem, which Sidney Howard discussed so powerfully in "The Silver Cord," though a familiar one, can never be exhausted so long as we can be persuaded to share these conflicts. Moving in the mental sphere,

the action must reflect the subtleties and preserve the emphasis on the subjective factors. The drama must give a true portrait—not merely a picture of the consequences. This is what Mr. Lionel Brown in this play conspicuously failed to do. There is no binding logic between the characters and their background and no sympathetic penetration into motives. Lady Carlingford, still young and attractive, is madly possessive of and jealously devoted to her son. When she discovers that the boy has an attachment for Lucille, to whom, in fact, he is secretly married, this unreasoning jealousy becomes a fierce, active antagonism. She seizes an opportunity to drug the wine which Lucille drinks at dinner, and then suggests to the boy that she is a secret drinker with the inherited taints of a habitual drunkard. The last act is devoted to clearing up the situation, and every move is as calculated as pawns on a chess-board. It even involves an episode where the ideal butler pretends to be drunk. The telephone is handy for another trick of suspense, and by such devious devices is the story unfolded to the final sentimental curtain.

There is metamorphosis here, but no magic. Consider Lady Carlingford. She is presumably intelligent, because she shares her distinguished husband's scientific interests. Admitting that intelligence is not proof against emotional irrationality, we have, further, the fact that she is tremendously in love with her husband. Then, if this "son fixation," this incomprehensible selfishness and possessiveness, is to be given force, it is not necessary to suggest, as the playwright did, that she suffers from lack of balance; it is essential that subjective experience be explored. If this subject had been quietly discussed and we had watched the dawning antagonisms of the mother gather pressure, in spite of her better conscious judgment—if we had seen that pressure break in on the happiness of the young couple through the Achilles' heel of the boy's passionate devotion to his mother—if, in short, we had watched the action, not as a sequence of ingenious contrivances for effect, but as an inevitable march consequent on mental and spiritual stress, the play would have had its undeniable compulsions. Instead, we saw only the thrill of a hysteria we could not share, and were aware of the plot-making that ingeniously timed the exits and entrances. Character, in such circumstances, is only two-dimensional, for it has no depths to plumb and such interest as it possesses is only that which the players can give it. Because the husband's part had a saving tact which kept it steady, Mr. Austin Trevor made it acceptable with his good humour. The young lovers, whose emotions have only been described and not penetrated, established a sympathy through the restrained competence of their portrayal by Miss Viola Keats and Mr. Hargrave Pawson. There was a sketch of the Dean's wife that was designed for comic relief, and Miss Kate Cutler did the drawing in such a spirited fashion that we enjoyed it, though it had no integral connection with the theme. Mr. Henry Hewitt, as the ideal butler, did all that was

required of him with smooth competence, adding embellishments of caricature to provoke a laugh. But the core of the action rests in the part which Miss Mary Newcomb played; yet with nothing of substance in the study, how could she persuade us? Her performance was brilliant in its accomplishment: by quiet, expressive gesture and by tonal variations, by all the skill of one who knows how to use her opportunities, she endeavoured to fill in the vacuum of the part by the nuance of presentation. She succeeded in winning our appreciation, but the burden, in spite of her performance, was something too much. The play had no vital movement. It was too riddled with stage tricks. The theme has been irreparably damaged by the treatment, and so its currents of emotion only eddy on the stage and fail to catch those of the audience. We applauded the players for their contributions; we may even applaud the author for his box of tricks; but we cannot go farther, for "There's Always To-morrow" has neither miracle nor magic nor metamorphosis within the spiritual frame of its subject. It is now withdrawn. G. F. H.



THE MOTOR INDUSTRY AND LORD NUFFIELD: A PAGE OF THE ILLUMINATED BOOK PRESENTED TO HIM AT A DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOUR.

At a dinner given in his honour, to mark his elevation to the Peerage, Lord Nuffield was presented with a book embodying an Appreciation from the President and Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, acting on behalf of the motor industry of Great Britain. In it, in addition to the Appreciation, are the signatures of all the leading personalities of the motor industry. The actual presentation was made by Mr. Leslie Walton, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.



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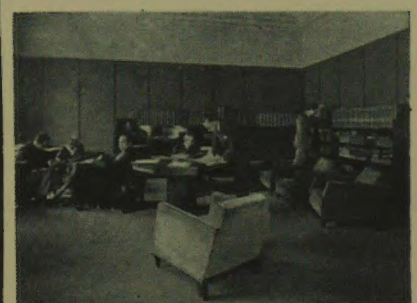
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 MOTORING SECTION: Conducted by
 the Earl of Cardigan.

"These days," replied the young woman, unmoved, "it's impossible to tell. One can't be too careful. Undergraduates are joining the Force every day. I'm told 'C' Division is full of them."

"Not really?"

"Really. And now I come to look at you," she continued, fixing him with her very blue eyes, "your face is familiar to me."

"No doubt," said Hugo, with more than a touch of sarcasm, "you've noticed me on point-duty..."

"...I'm rather surprised," he said, determined not to let her have it all her own way, "to find you running a place like this." Seemingly a little annoyed, she said: "You don't imagine I like it, do you? But when father died, leaving less than nothing, there was nothing for me to do but face the facts. And I'm facing them. One's got to live. By the way," she lowered her voice, "why did you sign a false name in the book? Afraid of a raid?"

"Well, these places get raided, don't they? One never knows when the police are going to turn up."

With a touch of pride she said: "I don't let policemen into the club..."

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Monty : “Rubbish! I don’t believe anyone really reads advertisements.”

Sir Edward : “Then how do you account for a member of the House of Commons indicating precisely the opposite?”

Monty : “Oh—what did he say?”

Sir Edward : “I’ll read you the extract. ‘I have absolutely nothing against the bookmaker. You will see in the newspapers the picture of a beautiful girl telephoning to her uncle, and talking about a horse whose name she has forgotten he tells her to ring up and he will pay.’”

Monty : “H’m! You mean that everyone recognised the bookie as ‘Duggie’?”

Sir Edward : “Certainly—and that’s why the Hon. Member goes on to say: ‘I never heard of any other profession with the same high ethics of commercial morality.’”

Monty : “Well, there I agree—racing men sing ‘Duggie’s’ praises all over the place.”

Sir Edward : “Because he has the ‘high ethics of commercial morality’—‘Duggie never owes’”

Monty : “But that’s only a slogan.”

Sir Edward : “Yet those same newspapers have published it as ‘more than a slogan—it is the truth.’ *That’s why I am so enthusiastic.*”

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Write a personal note to
“Duggie” now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.**

Douglas Stuart

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